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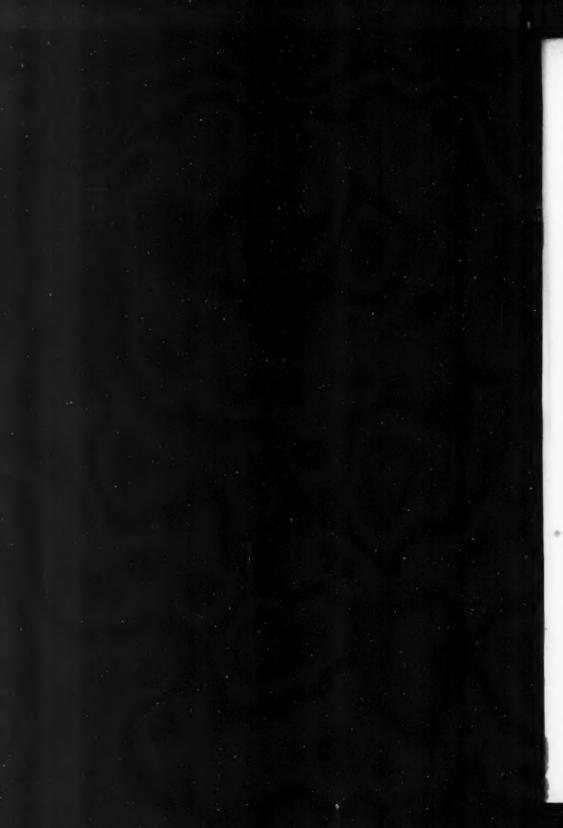
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, Volume IV. No. 2629. - November 24, 1894.

From Beginning, Vol. CCIII.

CONTENTS.

I. THE ACCESSION OF THE NEW SULTAN OF MOROCCO. By Walter B. Harris, . Blackwood's Magazine,	. 451
II. SISTER CORDELIA, Macmillan's Magazine,	. 466
III. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY IN DOMESTIC LIFE.	. 478
By Madame Belloc, Contemporary Review,	. 418
IV. A MODERN INTERPRETER, Temple Bar,	. 487
V. THE HISTORICAL NOVEL. By George	
Saintsbury. Conclusion, Macmillan's Magazine,	. 495
VI. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, . , . Spectator,	. 503
VII. THE VOLCANOES OF THE SANDWICH	
ISLANDS,	. 506
VIII. THE LITERARY ADVANTAGES OF WEAK	
HEALTH, Spectator,	. 509
IX. REMINISCENCES OF OLIVER WENDELL	
	, 511
HOLMES, Public Opinion,	, 011
DO HIM D. IV	
POETRY.	
TO MY REFE TEA	. 450

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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TO MY BEEF TEA.

(By our Dyspeptic Poet.)

When the doctor's stern decree Rings the knell of libertee, And dismisses from my sight All the dishes that delight; When my temperature is high— When to pastry and to pie Duty bids me say farewell, Then I hail thy fragrant smell!

When the doctor shakes his head, Banning wine or white or red, And at all my well-loved joints Disapproving finger points; When my poultry too he stops, Then, reduced to taking "slops," I, for solace and relief, Fly to thee, O Tea of Beef!

But—if simple truth I tell—
I can brook thee none too well;
Thy delights, O Bovine Tea,
Have no special charm for me!
Though thou comest piping hot,
Oh, believe I love thee not!
Weary of thy gentle reign—
Give me oysters and champagne!

HONOR, NOT HONORS.1

[And so you do not yet attain, Your brows are not yet crowned, There is a summit still to gain Before success is found?

Yet should you fail — as all indeed Have failed that went before — Be comforted; if to succeed Be much, to strive is more.]—H. J.

DENSER and mightier hour by hour Swells the throng upon life's highway; Fiercer the struggle for place and power, Till the giants of old were as babes to-

And the heart of the novice with chill dismay

Grows faint at the sight of the hopeless

For how shall he soar, if there be not space For the strong, swift beat of his wings to play?

True, there may be many that throng the start,

And eagerly jostle a place to win; But only the patient and stout of heart Go on as bravely as they begin. And the ranks of the runners are straggling thin

When the road grows steep and the pathway rough;

And each will find there is room enough,

As he nears the goal where the race
comes in.

Yet not to all is the lot assigned

To win the laurel and wear the crown;

For Fate is fickle and Fortune blind,

And sheds unseeing her smile or frown.

And the foremost runner is smitten down,

When the bay-clad summit is well-nigh scaled;

What then? Of a truth to have striven and failed

Is a nobler thing than unearned renown!

For the deafening roar of the cheering crowd

Falls sweet on vanity's eager ear,

And the fool is flattered if praise be loud;

And discerns not the true from the insincere.

But the still, small voice that the wise holds dear,

Is the voice that whispers within the breast, —

"Thou hast fought thy battle and done thy best,

When thy captain calls, thou hast nought to fear."

Then work while the blood in your veins runs strong,

While limbs are supple, and hearts are light:

While life is summer, and days are long,
Ere winter comes with its sunless night,
What tho' the deed that is done be
slight—

Feebly wrought and with lack of skill!

Not the work itself, but the worker's will

Availeth aught in the Master's sight.

False and hollow the voice of Fame, Fades the gilt on her glittering scroll; Nor hails she any with full acclaim,

Till she hears the knell of his passing toll.

Then seek not a place on the heroes' roll; But take for your guide, in the world's despite,

Not "What shall it profit?" but "God and Right," —

Honor, not "Honors," shall be your goal.

Spectator, C. E. J.

¹ Motto of Sir Richard Burton.

From Blackwood's Magazine. THE ACCESSION OF THE NEW SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

So purely imaginary have been more than half the reports of what has been taking place during the last two or three months in Morocco, and in many cases so absolutely removed from the truth, that in justice to the Moorish government and people, as well as from the fact that the subject is one that can scarcely fail to interest, an account of what actually has happened

will not be out of place.

It will no doubt be remembered that last vear Mulai el Hassen led his summer expedition from Fez to Tatilet, and thence returned to Morocco, crossing the Atlas Mountains in the middle of winter. The journey in every particular was a dangerous and trying one. Such wild tribes as the Beni Mgild and Ait Yussi had to be passed through, and when safely traversed the sultan found himself in the desert surrounded by the most ferocious of the Berber tribes, who had to be appeased with presents of money and clothes. Although as a matter of fact no opposition was put to his progress, he must necessarily have been during the whole expedition in a state of great anxiety, for had the Berbers amalgamated to destroy him and his vast army, they could have done so with the greatest ease. Food was only procurable in small quantities; barley in the camp reached a price that rendered it upprocurable except by the richer classes; while added to this the summer heat in the Sahara caused havoc among the soldiers.

Tafilet was reached in October, and a halt of three weeks made there. The writer of these lines travelled to that spot from Morocco City in disguise, and was for ten days in the sultan's camp. It is needless here to enter into any details; suffice it to say that Mulai el Hassen's camp was pitched on the desert sand near a spot called Dar el baida, to the east of the oasis of Tafilet, and that he was surrounded by an army and camp-followers numbering enter Morocco City - for I had reprobably forty thousand men. I saw turned thither a few days before them.

the sultan several times during his residence in the camp, and was struck with the remarkable change that had taken place in his appearance. His bearing was as dignified as ever, but his black beard was streaked with grey, his complexion was sallow, and the lines of age showed themselves under his eyes. For over two years previously I had not seen him, and when last I had watched him he was still a younglooking man; now old age had set its indelible mark upon his countenance. The fire of his eye was gone; his head drooped slightly upon his chest; he looked like a man tired and weary. No doubt he was. Anxiety was always present. News had reached him that fighting, and most serious fighting, was occurring between the Spaniards and the Riff tribes at Melilla; there was a constant fear of assassination, and a still more constant dread of his whole camp being eaten up by the Berbers. Added to this his health was ailing, and winter fast coming on. Affairs delayed him at Tafilet, and before he left that spot at the end of November, although during the day the sun still beat down with almost tropical heat, rendering life in a tent insufferable, by night the cold was extreme, and frosts of almost nightly occurrence. Before the army lay a three weeks' march to Morocco City, over desert and mountain, through wild tribes where dangers were many and food scarce. What wonder that Mulai el Hassen suffered! Yet the worst trials were before him after he left Tafilet: as he approached the Glawi pass over the Atlas - the lowest there is, and that at an altitude of over eight thousand feet above the sea-level - the cold increased, soldiers, mules, horses, and camels died of exposure. Snow fell and covered the camp, and only by forced marches were the remnants of the great horde dragged out from the deathly grip of the rocks and snows of the Atlas Mountains to the plains below.

I saw Mulai el Hassen and his army

doubly apparent now. The sultan had become an old man. Travel-stained and weary, he rode his great white horse with its mockery of green-andgold trappings, while over a head that was the picture of suffering waved the imperial umbrella of crimson velvet. Following him straggled into the city a horde of half-starved men and animals, trying to be happy that at last their terrible journey was at an end, but too

ill and too hungry to succeed.

Mulai el Hassen found no peace at Morocco City. Affairs at Melilla had become strained, and no sooner had his Majesty reached the capital than a Spanish embassy under General Martinez Campos proceeded to Morocco. How it ended is well known. It added to the enormous expenses of the sultan's summer expedition - which must have cost him nearly a million sterling - a debt to the Spanish government of twenty million pesetas, at the same time necessitating the sultan to abandon his idea of remaining in his southern capital, and forcing upon him a long march to Rabat and Fez, and an intended expedition to the Riff to punish the tribes who had caused the disturbance there. Fez was never reached, the expedition never took place, and Mulai el Hassen's entry into Rabat was in a coffin at the dead of night.

Having briefly sketched the events preceding the sultan's death, reference must now be made to those who played important parts, for better or for worse,

in the days that followed.

With regard to the succession to the throne of Morocco, no regular custom or law exists. While the new sultan must be a relation of the late one, he need not necessarily be a son, but is appointed by his predecessor, and if approved of, acknowledged by those in whose power the making of sultans lies. - that is to say by the viziers and powerful shereefs. Should the sultan name no successor, it is these who choose the man they may think suitable to fill the post.

What was noticeable at Tafilet was | Morocco that of Mulai el Hassen is not the most important, for the founder of his dynasty, rising in Tafilet, seized the power from the more holy and reverend family of the direct descendants of Mulai Idris, the founder of the Moorish Empire, who was the son of Abdullah el Kamil, himself a grandson of Hassan, who with Husevn was the son of Fatima, Mohammed's daughter. While the Fileli dynasty to-day holds the throne, the reverence paid to the Fileli shereefs is not to be compared with that bestowed upon Mulai Idris I. and II., one of whom lies buried in the town bearing his name in Zarahoun near Fez, while the second is patron saint of the northern capital itself, where he lies interred in a gorgeous

Again, the family of the shereefs of Wazan obtains far greater respect than that of the sultan, and the tombs of Mulai Abdullah Shereef and Sid el Haj el Arbi are places of daily pilgrimages. In order, therefore, to obtain the succession to the throne of a new sultan, the aid and influence of both the shereefs of Mulai Idris and Wazan have to be brought to bear upon the question, as should either party refuse acknowledge the candidate, so powerful are their followings that it is quite possible, more than probable, that a civil war would be the result. That a shereef of Wazan could come to the throne is practically impossible. The two heads of the family, sons of the late grand shereef, are French protected subjects; while what affects still more the native population is the existence of an ancient proverb which states that no Wazan shereef can rule as sultan, but that no sultan can rule without the support of the Wazan shereef. It is, in fact, a defensive alliance between the two great families.

Not so, however, with the shereefs of Mulai Idris, who reside almost entirely in Fez, and whose influence there is very great. That a Drisite shereef would have been ready to ascend the throne were it offered to him is only too probable, but fortunately it Of the great shereefian families of was not offered. In spite of their prophet hath no honor in his own favorite son reach the age of sixteen country holds good in Fez, where amongst the city people they are considered as little above ordinary mortals. All their influence, and it is very extensive, lies amongst strangers and in the country districts, where, being seldom seen or heard, all kinds of romance as to their marvellous powers are rife.

Therefore it will be seen that, powerful as are the families of Wazan and Mulai Idris, it was practically out of the question, unless civil war broke out, that a member of either should be put up as candidate for the throne. And had such an event happened, want of funds would have no doubt crushed the rebellion before any very serious results would have occurred. remained, then, only the members of the late sultan's family who could succeed. Of these four had always been considered as likely candidates. First, Mulai Ismain, a brother of Mulai el Hassen, who for a long time was viceroy in Fez. He is a man past middle age, of a quiet, gentle manner, fanatical, and given to literary pursuits, and while possessing very considerable influence, and still more popularity, by no means a man to push himself forward - in fact, it was always said, on the best authority, that he had no desire whatever of succeeding to the throne. Certainly Mulai Ismain seemed the most probable successor to his brother, though every year lessened the likelihood of this by adding years to the age of the sultan's favorite son, Mulai Abdul Aziz, the present sultan. Although it was known that this boy was being trained by Mulai el Hassen, so that in the event of his own death he might come to the throne, his extreme youth for a time rendered it exceedingly improbable that he could succeed; and had Mulai el Hassen's death taken place only a year or two ago, Mulai Abdul Aziz, instead of becoming sultan, would have been merely an obstacle to whoever had succeeded -an obstacle that most likely would have been removed by assassination or secret murder. Fortunately, Mulai el siderable time, and whose vicious life

immense sanctity, the old adage that a | Hassen lived sufficiently long to see his for all reports as to his being only twelve are false. So great was his father's desire that he should succeed, that during his lifetime he endowed his son with very considerable wealth and property, and towards the end of his life, since his return from Tafilet, made it clearly apparent what was his desire in the event of his death, by bestowing on him nearly all the prerogatives of the sultanate.

Mulai Abdul Aziz is the son of a Circassian wife of Mulai el Hassen, a lady of great intelligence and remarkable ability, who, though no longer in her first youth, was able to maintain to the day of his death a most singular and no doubt beneficial influence over Mulai el Hassen. Her European extraction and her education abroad, her general knowledge of the world, and her opportunities for watching the court intrigues, rendered her of more service to the late sultan than any of his viziers. She accompanied him always upon his long and tedious marches, and there can be no doubt that even in his dealings with the European powers her advice was always asked and generally taken by the sultan. The affection Mulai el Hassen bestowed upon her was also shared by her son, Mulai Abdul Aziz, who, with the tender anxiety of both an affectionate father and mother, was brought up in a far more satisfactory manner than is general with the sons of Moorish potentates. While his elder brothers, of whom more anon, were left to run wild and tolead lives of cruelty and vice, Abdul Aziz was the constant companion of his parents, who, both intent that he should one day be sultan of Morocco, lost no opportunity of educating him, to the best of their abilities, to fill the post.

The other candidates who may be said to have had a chance of succeeding to the throne were Mulai Mohammed, the late sultan's eldest son, by a slave wife, who has held the post of viceroy in Morocco City for a conhas estranged him from the affections of the people. This is the "one-eyed decapitator" of whom the papers were so fond of speaking during the recent Really the Englishman who invented the name deserves popularity to the same extent as he gave publicity to his brilliant imagination, for the complimentary title is of purely English invention. Unfortunately Mulai Mohammed never possessed the power of decapitating any one, and had he ventured to have done so, would have long ago been securely confined in prison. Vicious and immoral he was to an extent that surpasses description, but beyond this his sins were no greater than those of the ordinary Moorish official. At times he was most lavish and generous - often with other people's money; and although his open immorality estranged him from any affection on the part of the people, he still possessed a certain amount of popularity from his exceedingly unprincely condescension. On the whole, Mulai Mohammed is a very undesirable young man; but even his lax morality scarcely merits the outpourings of hatred and contempt that have been heaped upon him by the English press.

The remaining possible candidate for the throne was Mulai el Amin, another brother of the late sultan, a pleasant, middle-aged man, who would scarcely have been capable of the amount of dignity necessitated by the position, as he possessed a temperament too affable

and condescending.

It will be seen, therefore, that not only was Mulai Abdul Aziz his father's candidate, but that by his training and bringing up, in spite of his youth, he was by far the most likely to perform with any degree of success the arduous duties of the position. Again, his father and mother's care had kept him free from the immoral life usually led by boys of his age, and he came to the throne untainted by the vices of the country.

But one point more remains to be touched upon before referring to the events that have absolutely been taking

in June - namely, a few words as to the viziers and officials by which his Shereefian Majesty was surrounded.

The only members of the Moorish government who enjoyed access to the person of their sultan were some halfa-dozen viziers, through whom the entire business of the country was carried on. These were respectively the grand vizier, the minister of foreign affairs, the lord chamberlain, another vizier answering to our home secretary, the master of the ceremonies, and the minister of war. With these exceptions, no one was able to gain the confidential ear of the sultan; and should by any chance his Majesty listen to others, woe betide them, whoever they might be, did they attempt in any way to injure the position of these courtiers, who would be able, without the information ever reaching the sultan, to revenge themselves as they might desire upon the man who informed his Majesty of their evil doings. Mention need be made only of those who have played important parts in the history of the last two months. These are respectively Sid el Haj Amaati, the grand vizier, Sid Mohammed Soreir, the minister of war, and Sid Ahmed ben Moussa, the hajib or chamberlain. Between the two former - who are brothers, and members of the powerful Jamai family, which had already given another grand vizier before Haj Amaati was appointed, namely, Sid Mukhtar Jamai - and Sid Ahmed ben Moussa. the hajib, there had always existed a rivalry and hatred only to be found amongst Oriental peoples. Sid Ahmed himself is the son of a grand vizier, the late Sid Moussa, who for many years was the able and trusted adviser of the Sultans Sidi Mohammed and Mulai el Hassen.

While the Jamai brothers prided themselves on their great and powerful family, they scoffed at Sid Moussa and his family as upstarts, for his father was a slave. But to such an extent did Mulai el Hassen bestow his confidence on both the grand vizier and the hajib, that they were scarcely able to do one place since the late sultan's death early another harm in his Majesty's eyes. Haj Amaati had risen suddenly to his him at all. This incident increased the post, and his success with the sultan no doubt caused much envy and hatred in the heart of Sid Ahmed. years ago Haj Amaati, on the resignation of the F'ki Sinhaji, became grand vizier, though at that time probably not more than thirty years of age. His elder brother had for a long time held the powerful and lucrative post of minister of war, and with his support to back him, Haj Amaati commenced a career of amassing wealth by every possible means.

The power and influence possessed by a grand vizier in Morocco is almost incredible. Every official in the whole country is under him; no one can communicate with the sultan except through him. In his hands lie the disposal of the various governorships one would say the sale of the various governorships - and the dismissal of all officials. In the hands of an unscrupulous man there is every opportunity of black-mail, and of this Haj Amaati took an advantage unparalleled in Moorish history. He robbed the sultan and bought and sold appointments, and in the two years that he was grand vizier he amassed, in addition to his already considerable fortune, a sum of nearly £150,000! That is to say, he managed to ensure for himself, and entirely by illicit means, an income of no less than about £70,000 a year, and this in an open and unblushing manner. So certain was he of his position and influence that, soon after the sultan's arrival at Morocco City on his return from Tafilet, he attempted to oust from favor Sid Ahmed, the chamberlain, who, of all the court, was on the most intimate terms with and the most trusted servant of the sultan. For a time he was successful: Sid Ahmed lost favor, and it seemed that his dismissal was certain. Shortly before Mulai el Hassen left Morocco City he was, however, reinstated in his Majesty's regard; and by the manner in which Mulai el Hassen appeared to leave nearly every-

hatred between Haj Amaati and Sid Ahmed, and even had the late sultan lived, one or other would have been obliged to go, as affairs at court became too strained to continue in that condition.

The late sultan left Morocco City in May, accompanied by his whole court, his army, and the governors of southern Morocco and their troops, in order to punish certain revolutionary tribes in the district of Tedla, to the northeast of Morocco City; thence it was his Majesty's intention to proceed to Rabat, where the northern army was to join him, and the entire forces were to pass on to Mequinez and Fez, punishing en route the tribes of Zimour and Beni Hassen, whose depredations and fighting had caused his Majesty very considerable anxiety ever since his departure from Fez, a year pre-

Mulai el Hassen was ill when he left the southern capital. The anxiety. the heat of the desert, and the intense cold on his journey to and from Tafilet, had weakened a constitution already impaired by an affection of the liver and kidneys. Those who accompanied him on his departure from Morocco tell how the life and vigor had seemed to have left him. His parting with Mulai Abdul Aziz, who had left the capital previous to his father, proceeding to Rabat, was said to have been a most touching one, and his favorite son rode out of the capital with all the pomp and paraphernalia of a sultan. doubt it was purposely done by Mulai el Hassen, who seems to have felt his end approaching, and considered this the most subtle means of exhibiting to his people his desire that Abdul Aziz should succeed him.

By slow marches, necessitated by the immense number of men and animals accompanying him, the sultan reached the district of Tedla, and there fell ill.

At daybreak it was the custom of Mulai el Hassen to leave the enclosure of canvas in which his tents were thing in his hands, there is little doubt pitched and proceed on foot to his that he repented of having distrusted office-tent, where he would transact

or ten o'clock, when he would retire within, not appearing again until the

cool of the afternoon.

For several days after the arrival of the camp in the region of Tedla, at a spot called Dar bou Zeedou, a halt was called; and although the sultan from time to time visited his office-tent, it was generally known that he was unwell. After the 2nd of June the sultan did not leave his enclosure; and although the report was general that he was seriously indisposed, reassuring messages were given by the hajib, Sid Ahmed, who had the entrée to the sultan's tent, and his Majesty was pronounced to be getting on toward During the afternoon of recovery. Wednesday, June 6, Mulai el Hassen died, Sid Ahmed alone being present, the man who throughout his life had been his most confidential and trusted follower. Before his death he had spoken freely to Sid Ahmed, and had made him swear a solemn oath to support the succession of Mulai Abdul Aziz, and never to desert him as long as either of them lived. His Shereefian Majesty also left papers stating his desire that his favorite son should succeed him, and private letters to Abdul Aziz himself.

But besides the question of the succession, there were others as momentous, if not more so, to be considered. The camp was placed within the district of the Tedla regions, against whom the sultan had intended to wage war; and the fact that he was dead, and that the camp would be left without any leader, would bring down an attack of the tribes and the sacking of the entire camp, if not the murder also of the viziers and officials. Nor was the army to be trusted; Mulai Abdul Aziz was at Rabat, still some eight days' fast marching distant, and in those eight days who knew what course events might take! A hurried meeting of the viziers was called; an oath of secrecy taken; the drums were beaten for a start to be made; and, to every one's astonishment and surprise, orders were given for a move, the Mulai Abdul Aziz. The proclamation

business until generally about nine | reason affirmed being that the sultan had sufficiently recovered to travel. The palanquin which always accompanied his Majesty was taken into the enclosure; the sultan's body was placed within, the doors closed, and, amidst the obeisances and acclamations of the camp, all that remained of Mulai el Hassen set out for Rabat.

> Not a soul knew of the sultan's death except the viziers and a few of the slaves and tent-pitchers, whose mouths were sealed, knowing that death would ensue if they told.

> The river Um er-Rebia was crossed, and a halt called on its right bank, near a spot known as the Brouj Beni Miskin. Meanwhile messengers had been secretly sent to Rabat to announce the sultan's death and the accession of Mulai Abdul Aziz, to support whom the viziers had all sworn.

> The following day an early start was made, the dead sultan still being carried in the usual position, with the flags and insignia of the sultanate preceding him. As they passed along, the tribes-people are said to have kissed the palanquin, and one or two people of importance to have been allowed to see the sultan within, whose ill-health was given as an excuse for his not speaking.

> At the middle of the day a halt was called for his Majesty to take breakfast, a tent pitched, the palanquin carried within, and food and green tea cooked, taken into the tent, and brought out again as if it had been

tasted by the sultan.

As yet no one knew besides the viziers and the handful of slaves that Mulai el Hassen was dead. The military band played outside his tent, and all the usual customs which were carried out when he lived were continued. But in a hot climate like that of Morocco in June a secret of this sort cannot be long kept, and on their arrival in camp, after a ten hours' march, on Thursday, June 7, it was announced that the sultan was dead, and that messengers had left the day before for the capitals, announcing the accession of follow the desire of their deceased master, and to support the viziers in their intention of seeing Mulai Abdul Aziz succeed.

The news fell like a thunderbolt upon the camp. It was true that by the concealment of the sultan's death they had escaped from Tedla; but there still remain dangers almost equally as great. Would not the tribes of Shaouia, through which they had yet to pass en route to Rabat, pillage the camp, for there was plenty to loot there? And even if they refrained from doing so, could the horde of illfed, ill-clothed, and ill-paid soldiers be

The camp split up into a hundred parties, each distrustful of the other, though all intent upon one object, a retreat to the coast. Each tribe represented in the camp collected its forces, and marched in a band together and camped together, not fearing so much any general outbreak as an attack on the part of members of some other tribe, between whom there may have been some long-standing feud, only prevented by fear of the sultan from bursting into warfare.

By forced marches the camp and the army proceeded to Rabat, constantly hampered by the surrounding tribes, who, too timid to attack so large a force, contented themselves and satisfied their love of plunder by cutting off and robbing every straggler who happened to lag behind. The poor soldiers they killed for their rifles, and, if they possessed none, out of pure devilry. Many of the troops took advantage of the lack of order and government to run away and return to their homes - whence they had been taken by a systemless conscription to starve in the sultan's service, or gain a precarious livelihood by theft.

Meanwhile Abdul Aziz had been proclaimed in Rabat, and letters were sent in all directions announcing his accession to the throne. In no period of modern Moorish history had there been a week of such suspense as then

called upon the people and soldiers to | arated from his ministers and viziers by a long distance, in traversing which they ran a great danger of being plundered and murdered. Had such an event occurred, and Mulai Abdul Aziz's supporters been killed, his reign must have terminated at once, for the treasury would have fallen into other hands, and another sultan been proclaimed.

> With all possible speed the army marched towards the coast, bearing their now loathsome burden of the sultan's body with them. There was a terrible mockery in the whole thing, the decomposing corpse borne in royal state with the shereefian banners waving before it, with the spear-bearers on either side, and the troop of mounted body-guard and askars on foot.

> On Thursday, July 12, Rabat was reached, and a halt called some little distance outside the city. The state of the sultan's body was such as to render a public funeral impossible, so in the darkness of the night a little procession of foot-soldiers, with only a single shereef attending, one and all bearing lanterns, set out. A hole was bored in the town walls, for seldom, if ever, is a corpse carried into the gate of a Moorish city, and surrounded by this little band, Mulai el Hassen, sultan of Morocco, was laid to his last rest in the mosque covering the tomb of his ancestor, Sidi Mohammed ben Abdul-

> At dawn, as the people bestirred themselves to witness the funeral, it became known that all was over; and amidst the acclamations of the populace and the sounds of the sultan's band, Mulai Abdul Aziz was led forth, the great crimson-and-gold umbrella waving over him, surrounded by his father's viziers, and mounted on his father's white horse, and proclaimed sultan.

Those who saw the spectacle described it to me. The boy's eyes were filled with tears, for his love for his father was intense, and report says that it was only by force that he was persuaded to mount the horse and be A touching story was proclaimed. ensued. The sultan was a boy, sep-recounted to the writer by one who witnessed the episode. On his return to the palace the mosque where his father had been buried the previous night was passed. Leaving the procession, Mulai Abdul Aziz proceeded alone to the door, and, weeping copiously, dismounted and entered to do his last homage to his father and his sultan.

The news of the sultan's death had reached Casablanca on the coast on Saturday by a mounted express, and thence two mounted men galloped to Rabat, a distance of fifty-nine miles, in six and a half hours, over an abominable road. A steamer was on the point of leaving that port for Tangier, and her Britannic Majesty's minister received the news shortly after 11 A.M. on Sunday morning, a worthy record of fast travelling. He was the first to obtain the information, and immediately informed his colleagues of what had taken place. A special meeting of the European ministers was called on Monday morning, after which the British minister, Mr. Satow, reported the information to Sid el Haj Mohammed Torres, the sultan's vizier resident at Tangier. By midday on Monday the news was general in Tangier, and anxiety was depicted on every face as to what would be the results of so serious an occurrence. Not a few predicted a general massacre of the Europeans, which of everything that might occur was the least probable. It is true that the tribes around Tangier disliked their governor, and might make some sort of attempt to assassinate him; but their common sense gained the better of them, and, on consideration, they realized that any such course would in the end but mean misery and imprisonment and even death to themselves, while by adopting an exemplary bearing they might so gain the favor of the new sultan that their grievances would be heard and attended At the same time they virtually threw off the jurisdiction of the basha, each village electing a local sheikh, who would be responsible for the conduct of those under him. So successful was this action that, so far from the country becoming in any way dis- clothes.

turbed, things improved in every manner, cattle robberies ceased, and an unusual period of calm ensued, that spoke not a little for the credit of those to whom it was due. The Moors have a proverb, and it is a very true one, that safety and security can only be found in the districts where there is no government - that is to say, where the

government is a tribal one.

In talking over the crisis on that eventful Monday on which we received the news of the sultan's death, one could not help feeling at what an exceedingly opportune moment it had occurred, as far as the general peace of the country was concerned. two or three years the harvests had been very bad; but this summer had proved sufficient to repay the tribes and country-people for a period almost of starvation, and throughout the whole country the wheat and barley crops were magnificent. Harvesting had already commenced, and every one was engaged in getting in the crops. To the Moor wheat is life. The countrypeople eat little or nothing else, every one grinding in his own house, or tent, as the case may be, his own flour. To lose the crops would mean famine, and the Moor knows what famine means. At all costs, at all hazards, the outstanding crops must be got in - sultan or no sultan. So instead of taking up their arms to pay off old scores and to commence new ones, the peasant went forth on his errand of peace and gathered in his harvest. "The sultan was dead," they said, "and his son had been proclaimed; everything was ordained by God - but the harvest must be got in." Had Mulai el Hassen's decease occurred at any other period than that at which it did, months of bloodshed and plundering would have been the result.

In spite of the opinion of most people, I was firmly convinced that, for the present at least, no serious incidents would occur. So strong was my conviction, that on Tuesday morning I left Tangier for Fez, accompanied by a Moorish youth, myself in Moorish We were both mounted on good horses, and hampered ourselves | that Moors of high degree affect, words with absolutely no baggage of any sort. Alcazar was reached the following morning. The town was in a state of considerable alarm; most of the Jews had already fled to Laraiche, and the officials were half expecting an attack on the part of the mountaineers. The following morning, that of the Eid el Kebir, the great feast of the Moorish year, I reached Wazan, where, at all events, I should learn from an authoritative source as to what was likely to occur. I found there that the news of the sultan's death was already known, while I was able to confirm that of Mulai Abdul Aziz's accession.

It must be remembered how important a part Wazan and its shereefs play That the great in Moorish politics. shereef of Wazan should fail to acknowledge the accession of a sultan would mean that one hundred thousand of their followers would do the same, and that all the mountaineers to the north-east of Morocco would rise in a body.

I was received as an old friend by the shereef, in whose house I once lived for eight months, and was present at the afternoon court, at which, being the Eid el Kebir, or great feast, all the shereefs were present, together with the principal men of the town. The scene was a most picturesque one; the gaily decorated room, leading by an arcade of Moorish arches into a garden, one mass of flowering shrubs, amongst which a fountain played with soft, gurgling sound - the large group of shereefs in holiday attire of soft white wool and silk, the great silver trays and incense-burners, and long-necked scent-bottles - all formed an ideal picture of Oriental life. The one topic of conversation was what had taken place, the sultan's death, and the accession of Mulai Abdul Aziz. It was, in fact, a sort of council of war or peace - happily the latter; and as we drank green tea, flavored with mint and verbena, out of delicate little cups, the shereef made his public declaration of adherence to Mulai Abdul Aziz - a few words uttered in the expressionless way mense activity was passing at the

simple in themselves, but meaning perhaps his life and his throne to Mulai Abdul Aziz.

Throughout the whole crisis the action of the shereefs of Wazan is highly to be commended. Their every endeavor was to ensure peace and tranquillity, and in this the Moorish government owes a debt that it will be difficult ever to pay to Mulai el Arbi and his brother Mulai Mohammed.

This is not the place to talk of the charms of Wazan, but as I left the little city, nestled in groves of olives and oranges, early the next morning, it was with a feeling of regret that I could not stay longer; but I wanted to be in Fez. If anything occurred it would be there. So I pushed on with my journey, and after a thirteen hours' ride under a hot sun, put up for the night at a village overlooking the river Sebou. bad news met us: the neighboring tribes of Mjat, who are Berbers, Hejawa, and Sherarda, were up in arms, with the intention of taking advantage of the opportunity to wipe out old scores. Already a small skirmish had taken place, and the morrow threatened to dawn with further fighting, which would entirely block the road to Fez, and also the road I had passed over the day before from Wazan.

At daybreak armed bands of horsemen could be seen scouring the country, and it was not until the afternoon that we learned that the three tribes in question had met and decided to postpone any hostilities until after the harvest had been gathered in. I set out at once, and the following day before noon reached Fez in safety. So insecure were the roads reported to be, that we met not a single caravan en route, with the exception of one, whose camel-drivers appeared to be very much more afraid of us three horsemen than we were of them. At eleven we entered Fez - myself, a shereef who had accompanied me, and my native servant.

Meanwhile the new sultan still remained at Rabat, and a time of imcourt, couriers without number leaving | concluded, the basha of the town arose daily with letters announcing the accession of Abdul Aziz to the throne for every part of the kingdom; and though it was exceedingly important that his Shereefian Majesty should proceed as quickly as possible to Fez, it was found impossible for him to make an immediate start, so great was the press of business.

By this time Europe was being flooded with so-called information as to what was taking place. The "oneeyed decapitator" was reported by three daily papers of the same date to have raised a rebellion in Morocco, to have organized an army of twenty thousand men in Fez, and to have been imprisoned at Rabat; while a most pathetic and graphic account appeared in nearly all the London papers of the funeral of Mulai el Hassen, at which every pomp was observed, and at which all the members of the consular body at Rabat were officially present! It was witnessed, the informant said, by the entire population! whereas the funeral was secretly carried out in the dead of night, only a few soldiers accompanying the body to its grave!

The news of the late sultan's death had been received in Fez on the evening of Tuesday, June 12, in a letter addressed to Mulai Omar, his son, by the viziers. The viceroy at once imparted the news secretly to the governor, and criers were sent throughout the town calling the people together to hear a shereefian letter read in the mosque of Bou Jeloud. Suspecting nothing of great importance - for this is the ordinary custom of making known a decree - the people sauntered in.

Meanwhile Mulai Omar had caused to be drawn up the paper acknowledging the new sultan, and headed the list with his own signature, the second to sign being Mulai Ismain, who had been considered by many to be the most likely candidate for the throne.

As soon as the mosque was full, the doors were closed, and the announcement of the sultan's death made known, together with the proclamation of the accession of his son. As the letter was four hundred horses, and commenced

and said, "If any one has anything to say, let him speak." Not a word was uttered, and in perfect silence the lawvers drew up a document to be forwarded to Mulai Abdul Aziz announcing the readiness of Fez to accept him as Intense indignation their sovereign. reigned amongst the audience in the mosque. They felt that they had been tricked into giving their consent without the opportunity of discussing the affair; but escape was impossible, and a murmur of discontent would have meant their going straight to prison, for the doors were closed and a strong

guard in readiness.

What was the real state of feeling in Fez it is very difficult to say, but it is doubtful whether they would have at once accepted Mulai Abdul Aziz had not the authorities obtained their signatures in the manner they did. In all probability they would have bargained with him, offering to receive him should they be free from certain taxes - the octroi, for instance - for a certain length of time, if not forever. Of all the inhabitants of Morocco there are none more grasping, more cowardly, and more given to intrigue, than the people of Fez. Their meanness is proverbial, and while they give themselves airs over every one else's head, they are despised and hated by the remainder of the population. Given up to every vice, they go about the streets covering their hands for fear of sunburn and muttering their prayers, talking of their importance and bravery, yet frightened by a spider or a mouse. The women of any of the other cities of Morocco could defeat the men of Fez. However, whatever may have been the ideas of the inhabitants of Fez as to the advisability of the succession of Mulai Abdul Aziz, their allegiance had been given, and there was now no drawing back.

By this time the news had spread throughout the entire country, and Hivaina, a neighboring Arab tribe to Fez, came in considerable force, some

walls. The scare amongst the effeminate Fezzis was amusing to witness. Trade became at a standstill, and they secured themselves within their houses under lock and key, leaving the authorities and the strangers in the city to settle with the wild tribesmen. However, the affair came to nought in the end; for the very Arabs who had come with a possible idea of looting Fez were bribed into the government service to keep the roads open for caravans - a most important point, as scarcely any wheat or barley existed in the capital, and any lengthened delay in the arrival of the grain-bearing camels from the country would mean famine and revolution.

On Wednesday, June 20, a deputation left Fez for Rabat to bear an address of welcome to the sultan, a document magnificently illuminated. On the 24th, the first letter written in the new sultan's name, with all his titles and dignities, was received. It announced his accession to the throne, and called upon the people to be obedi-Its receipt was honored by an almost endless salute from the artillery in the palace square.

On Monday, June 25, the sultan left Rabat for Mequinez and Fez, travelling through the tribe of Beni Hassen, which, together with their neighbors the Berbers of Zimour, had already sworn allegiance.

At Tangier things were proceeding quietly. The French government sent a man-of-war and an armed despatchboat, while the English were contented with the presence of the Bramble, a small gunboat from Gibraltar. Portuguese and Spanish both sent vessels of kinds. An act of gross stupidity on the part of the commander of one of the latter nearly caused an unpleasant disturbance in the country. The Isla de Luzon was sent by the Spanish government to the coast. Now the first town down the Atlantic coast of Morocco is the almost deserted and entirely ruinous Arzeila, a place of

petty robberies just outside the town some reason known only to the adventurous Spanish commander, he was pleased to come to anchor and to fire a salute of twenty-one guns in the roadstead, which Arzeila had no means of returning, for neither cannon nor powder are to be found; and as never in the memory of man had any vessel of any sort ever approached the place, the few inhabitants were filled with consternation and terror, which was only increased when a boat was noticed coming ashore. There was no doubt about the question in the minds of the natives - a European invasion was taking place! A few stayed to see what was going to happen; the greater part fled, spreading here, there, and everywhere the news of the invasion of Moorish territory by the Christians. Meanwhile the water-kegs which had been sent on shore in the boats were filled, and the officer in charge, having taken coffee in the house of a certain Jew who calls himself Spanish consular agent, returned to his ship, and the man-of-war departed, steaming away just as volunteers began pouring in from every direction to prevent the infidels landing their troops. Before night some two thousand mountaineers and tribesmen had assembled in the neighborhood. For a time the wild reports that were circulated in Tangier caused a little anxiety; but soon it became known that the whole scare was due to either the ignorance or wilful stupidity of the commander of the Isla de Luzon in saluting and sending a boat ashore at Arzeila, which is a closed port, not to say a picturesque

On July 1, Mulai Abdul Aziz reached Mequinez from Rabat, having en route prayed at the tomb of Mulai Idris I., in Zarahoun, who lies interred on the steep slope of the mountain above the Roman ruins of Volubilis. Although his Majesty entered Mequinez at an extremely early hour, long before he was expected, he was accorded an enthusiastic reception.

At court affairs were fast proceeding absolutely no importance, and where to a stage which must end tragically. there is no harbor of any sort. For Mulai Abdul Aziz, it is true, was firmly

on the throne, but the boy sultan was | only an item in the palace. The hatred and jealousy of the viziers amongst themselves was a public secret, and all watched anxiously for the termination of the crisis which, in spite of every outward and visible show of accord, it was well known must soon arrive.

The fact that Sid Ahmed ben Moussa had been chosen by Mulai Abdul Aziz as almost his sole adviser had stirred the hearts of the rival Jamai viziers. the brothers Haj Amaati and Sid Mohammed Soreir, to their very depths. Those who do not know the Moors are ill acquainted with the strength of their passions; and there is no saying to what extent their hatred and jealousy might not carry them. No one could have been better aware of this than Sid Ahmed himself, the most faithful and devoted follower the sultan could possess, whose mixed blood of Arab and negro strain gave him all the force and cunning of the former and all the fidelity of a slave.

On Tuesday, July 10, at the sitting of the morning court, Haj Amaati and Sid Mohammed Soreir, the grand vizier and minister of war, were dismissed, the return of their seals being demanded. Both must have realized that their end was practically come; and as they mounted their mules and rode away from the palace, they were ruined

The dismissal of ministers in Morocco is a very different affair from what it is in Europe. It means disgrace, and more than that, the almost certain confiscation of all their property - if not imprisonment. The immense pride inherent in a Moorish official of high degree renders all the more degrading his fall; while the intense jealousy and hatred felt for the unscrupulous officials, to whom all injustice and taxation is, often very rightly, accredited, prevent any sympathy on the part of the public. The man to whom every one had to bow and cringe had fallen; no longer was ings of the populace, pent up for so gaining admittance, announced his long, burst forth. No name was too errand. The horror of the situation

bad for the late grand vizier, no crime too fearful not to have been committed by him.

A sort of stupor fell over the court. No one knew what would happen next. This dismissal of two of the most powerful men, if not the two most powerful, in the entourage of the sultan, was so sudden and so far removed from the usual course adopted by a new sultan, that all held their breath, awaiting a future the details of which they were not even able to guess at. Terror reigned amongst the officials; wild reports were heard on every side as to who was to be the next to fall; and expectation on the part of those who had nothing to fear, and terror on that of those whose position rendered them liable to a similar fate, was rife. The names of Sid Ali Misfiwi and Sid Mfadhoul Gharnit, the foreign minister, were in every one's mouth, yet wrongly, for up to the time of writing these lines they enjoy the confidence of their sovereign and Sid Ahmed.

It was no secret whence the blow had been struck, for no sooner were the posts of grand vizier and minister of war vacated than they were filled, the former by Sid Ahmed himself, the second by his brother Sid Saïd; while to the chamberlainship, which Sid Ahmed had left to fill the still higher position, another brother was nominated. Sid Ahmed thus obtained an overwhelming majority in the surroundings of the sultan, for the three most confidential positions were annexed by himself and his two brothers.

The following Friday, July 13, - unlucky combination of day and number, - Haj Amaati and Sid Mohammed Soreir were seized in their houses and thrown into prison. Although it had been thought possible that such a course might be pursued, the actual event caused an unparalleled excitement. The work of arrest was quickly but roughly done, but such are the ways of the Moors. The basha of Mequinez, with a small band of troops, proceeded his wrath to be feared; and the feel- to the grand vizier's house first, and, must have been fully appreciated by prisoned. This but added to the terror the vizier, for, giving way to one of those violent fits of rage to which he was prone, he attempted to resist, and a soldier in his employ drew his sword upon the basha. In a minute both were seized, but not before, in the struggle, Haj Amaati's rich clothes had been torn to shreds. Four ropes were fastened to his neck, each held by a soldier; and dressed only in his shirt, he was dragged through the streets, amidst the derisive laughter and the curses of the people, to the prison. The very crowd that now rejoiced in his degradation had bowed low to him only a day or two before, as he passed through the streets to and from the palace. An incident is worthy of mention, as showing the feelings of the Moors. As he was paraded along, a common askari, one of the riff-raff of Morocco, passed. "God!" he cried, "why, the infidel has a better fez than mine!" and with these words he lifted the turban and cap off the vizier's head roughly, placing his own filthy headgear in its place.

And the crowd laughed and jeered! As soon as Haj Amaati was confined in jail, Sid Mohammed Soreir was arrested; but with far more pluck and courage, he followed his captor without resistance, and entered prison like a

gentleman.

Wild rumors spread all over the town as to the reasons of the imprisonment of the viziers, and it was generally stated that a plot had been discovered by which the sultan and Sid Ahmed, the new vizier, were to have been assassinated that very day, en route to midday prayers. But whatever may have been the truth of this assertion, the fact remains that no attempt was made, and Mulai Abdul Aziz was driven in his green-and-gold brougham to the mosque, surrounded by his court. Both his Majesty and Sid Ahmed looked extremely nervous, and every possible precaution was taken to preel askar, or paymaster of the troops, the safest in the sultan's interests -Sid el arbi Zebdi, was seized and im- for by removing his own two most dan-

of the remaining officials, who had escaped, but dreaded a like fate.

I had the opportunity the same evening of discussing the course events had taken with two men, who hold in different ways almost the highest positions in Morocco. One was himself a vizier, the other far above all fear of arrest. They both told me the same tale; but, in spite of the high authority on which I heard it, I do not think it is to be credited, and in my opinion it was the officially agreed upon story, that was to give justice to the arrest of such important members of the sultan's court.

I was told that both the viziers in question had addressed letters to Mulai Ismain in Fez, and to Mulai Mohammed in Morocco City, the young sultan's uncle and brother respectively, inviting them to seize the opportunity for attempting the throne, and offering all their large fortune and influence in the event of their doing so. These letters, it was said, were intercepted

and the plot discovered.

Athough both the viziers in question were quite capable of such a plot, I cannot believe that either pursued the course stated above. To a Moor a document of any sort is a far more important thing than to us, and any one who is acquainted with the Moors knows how extremely difficult it is to obtain any kind of matter in writing. Had such an idea as that stated above entered the minds of Haj Amaati and his brother, and had they formulated any conspiracy to that effect, they would never have been so foolish as to commit themselves to writing, and any communication with the two shereefs in question would have been made with the aid of a trusted envoy. It was easy to see that one of my informants at least discredited the story he was telling me, which he only knew from official sources. My own opinion is this, that the whole affair was the result of Sid Ahmed's jealousy, and vent assassination. During the after- that he was actuated no doubt also by a noon a lesser vizier, who acted as amin feeling that the course he pursued was gerous enemies, he at the same time would find further scope for his influence and policy. That the viziers deserved their fate none can deny. Haj Amaati had impoverished the whole country by his enormous and insatiable greed and black-mail, and his brother had deprived the soldiery of a very

considerable portion of their pay.

Immediately the arrests were made the entire property of both - together with that of Sid el arbi Zebdi - was confiscated, and their houses at Fez seized. Haj Amaati had just completed the building in the capital of a palace second to none there in size and decoration, a block of buildings rising high above the level of the other houses, which will be an eternal landmark of the vizier's rise and fall. It had been completed only during his absence in the south with the sultan, and so much pride did the vizier take in this new palace that he had ordered all the decorations in stucco and mosaic, of which the Moors are perfect masters, to be draped with linen, so that none should see the general effect before himself. A rope attached to these curtains would allow the entire drapery to fall, when the every beauty of the decoration would be exposed. Within a week of realizing this dream of Oriental fancy, he was cast into a dungeon, and his house and all his wealth confiscated to the sultan.

With the fall of the two viziers it became more apparent than ever that Sid Ahmed meant to be master of the whole situation; but he was wise enough not to attempt alone what could be done equally well, and very probably better, with the advice of trusted advisers. There were two people at the court in whose hands might lie the power of treating him as he had treated the others. These two were respectively the Circassian mother of the sultan, and Sidi Mohammed el Marani, an influential shereef, who had married the sister of Mulai el Hassen, and into whose hands a considerable part of the upbringing of Mulai Abdul Aziz had been intrusted. Both must be conciliated, for over the my version - the true version - dif-

sultan both held great influence - so great, in fact, that should Sid Ahmed's conduct in any way displease them. their united power might easily persuade the sultan to dismiss him. Not for this reason alone, however, did Sid Ahmed, as it were, invite these two to join him in a sort of council of regency. for he knew full well the ability of both and their devotion to his lord and master.

In the hands of these three persons the welfare of Morocco lies. But before entering upon any conjectures as to the future, the history of past events must be continued up to date.

On Thursday, July 19, a start was made from Mequinez towards Fez, the army and the governor of the tribes and their escorts having camped the previous night a slight distance outside

the town near the Fez road.

Two events worthy of mention had meanwhile taken place at Fez - first, the behavior of Mulai Omar, the sultan's brother and viceroy; and, secondly, the fact that the enkas, or local taxation upon all goods sold, had been removed, together with the octroi at the

city gates.

With regard to the former a few words must be said. Mulai Omar, who had been left as viceroy by Mulai el Hassen, whose son he was by a slave wife, is a young man of extremely vicious and degenerate habits, nearly black in color, and with an expression as ugly as it is revolting. While beyond his immorality no actual charge of crime can be laid to his door, he may be said to be incapable of filling the position he held, and to want discretion and common sense.

It appears - and I knew of the event at the time - that on his learning of the death of his father, he sent to the Jewish silversmiths, by whom all government work is done, and ordered one of their number to make him a seal. Now in Morocco a seal is an exceedingly important object, and no one uses a seal of office unless it is actually presented to him by the sultan. So far the story is generally known, but here

fers, for while the European press any way injuring the health of the harped upon the fact that Mulai Omar man, it prevents his committing the wished to make himself a seal with the crime a second time, or for the huninscription of sultan upon it, the fact was that the seal was to bear Mulai Abdul Aziz's name, and that the reason of Mulai Omar's ordering it to be made was not in order to stamp documents himself as sultan, but probably to have in his possession a means of forging letters supposed to have come from court. Whether his idea was by this to make the best of the short period that remained to him as viceroy to amass money, or whether in case of any outbreak or disturbance on the part of the population to be able to forge conciliatory or other letters that would keep them quiet until his brother's arrival, it is impossible to say. But whatever may have been the desire, the result in the suspicious eyes of his brother was this - that he had attempted by some means to usurp the throne.

However, the seal was never made. The Jew artificer, knowing the penalty that would meet him at the hands of the sultan were he even the innocent instrument in this, fled and sought the protection of an influential member of the government, and the affair was knocked on the head at once.

A second charge was also laid at Mulai Omar's door - that of having ordered the music of the drums and pipes to cease on the occasion of the announcement of Mulai Abdul Aziz's succession to the throne. On the players refusing, his Highness sent a slave, who enforced silence by splitting up the drums with a dagger. For this act of treason he was afterwards punished by having the flesh of his hand sliced, the wound filled with salt, and the whole hand sewn up in leather. It is a common belief that this punishment causes mortification to set in, and that the hand decomposes; but such is not the case, for by the time the leather wears off the wound is healed, the result being that the hand is rendered useless, and remains closed forever. It is a punishment not often in use, but is sometimes done in cases of Abdul Aziz succeed. murder or constant theft, as, without in

dredth time, as the case may be. It is a punishment that cannot be applied except by the sultan's orders.

It was no doubt on account of these offences that letters were received by Mulai Omar from the sultan, forbidding him to leave his house, and placing him under surveillance - a course that was supplemented on his brother's arrival by chains upon his legs. Meanwhile his Majesty had been pleased to treat his brother, Mulai Mohammed, in Morocco City, in the same manner.

As to the remitting of the local taxes and octroi in Fez, but little need be said. Certain unfriendly remarks had been overheard regarding the new sultan, and the general tone of the Fez people was not satisfactory. Fearing that an outbreak might occur, and knowing that the avaricious inhabitants were open to no persuasion except money, the Amin Haj Abdesalam Makri, the chancellor of the exchequer of Fez, on his own authority, remitted this most unpopular tax, which is contrary to Moorish law. It turned the tide, and the Fez citizen, finding himself a few dollars, or a few pence, the richer, changed front, and was loud in his acciamations of the new sultan. The charm of the situation was, however, that as soon as the sultan had safely entered Fez, and was thus securely upon the throne, he instituted once again the tax, and the population rose on the morning of Tuesday, July 24, to find the tax-gatherers returned to their accustomed haunts.

On Saturday, July 21, Mulai Abdul Aziz made his state entry into Fez, with the pomp and gorgeousness with which the Moors know so well how to adorn such pageants. Proceeding at once to the tomb of his ancestor Mulai Idris, he took the oath of the constitution, and a few minutes later the great gates of the white palace closed upon Mulai Abdul Aziz, sultan of Morocco.

So did Mulai el Hassen die and Mulai

WALTER B. HARRIS.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SISTER CORDELIA.

"WE are therefore formed into this sisterhood," said the lecturer, "for the ultimate good of humanity and for the higher development of the mental and spiritual faculties. We lose ourselves, in order that we may find our truer selves. We glean all that is best and purest in all doctrines of all great teachers. We divest our minds of all prejudice, pettiness, and above all of selfishness. Love, my sisters, is our standpoint. We are bound by no oaths, we renounce no earthly ties, and this leads us to the question of marriage,marriage, my sisters. Now we are agreed that woman is, psychically speaking, a higher development than man. The ideal man is unfortunately not at present evolved. Nor, it may be urged, is the ideal woman. We admit it; but the esoteric yearning of woman for further spiritual development has at length burst forth into open day, and is embodied in this sisterhood. We note in man a deplorable selfsatisfaction coupled with a melancholy contentment with the inferior type of woman, which marks his lower calibre of mind. Now, not only is close association with an inferior mind degrading, but there is another point to be very seriously considered. Would not this sisterhood do well to, I do not say finally renounce, but refrain from dwelling upon the desirability of marriage; since its aims are the universal good of mankind, and a general love of humanity which might readily be warped by concentration upon an inferior unit. Our chief labor is for the amelioration of the lot of woman; yet I do not say that we should close our sympathies to a large section of humanity such as is constituted by man as opposed to woman. No! should rather strive to lead him to a higher spiritual plane; to restrain his natural brutality; to raise his aims, to purify his ideals; to, in short, help to evolve the ideal man a fitting mate for the ideal woman. In doing this, we shall do well to do it generally; not

dwelling in thought upon any representative unit but upon the race."

"Sister Cordelia Brevoort." It was a small voice, and it proceeded from the lips of a slender sister, with fair hair and dove-like eyes, who lay back in a softly cushioned chair.

"What is it, Sister Elsie Lacordaire?" inquired the lecturer benignly. She was a young lady of some twentythree summers, and whatever might be her mental and spiritual development, her physical woman was goodly. She was tall, and moulded like a youthful Juno; her gait and poise were free, untrammelled, royal; she gave an agreeable impression of fresh moorland air and cold water; the setting of her head and moulding of her brow would have made Pallas Athene jealous. Her contemplative grey eyes had one fault: they were too full of lofty thoughts to be comfortable to people who have not evolved ideals from their inner con-Her fine features were sciousness. rather heavily moulded, but the lips were sensitive, strong, and withal sweetly meek; her skin was white as lily blooms, and her glossy black hair grew low on her forehead. Her voice was rich and soft, and the rules of the sisterhood did not debar her from wearing a tea-gown which was in itself an ideal of a lofty nature.

"Dear president and sister," said Sister Elsie mildly, "I desire to put a question."

" Pray proceed, sister."

"Sister Cordelia, you have such mental grasp and breadth of view, I can credit your being capable of sympathizing with, and elevating all the men in England; but I, yearning as I am to elevate, am deficient in — in — universality. Would there be any harm in my trying to elevate one man at a time, just to gain mental grasp by — by degrees?"

The president frowned. "It would be a dangerous precedent, sister," she said, "and it might be misunderstood. It might, even by the men themselves, be mistaken for—I shudder at the word—for flirtation."

"O Sister Cordelia! If I were tall

and stately like yourself, all would be | But she would not marry beneath well. No one, dear president, would have the temerity to suggest that you were flirting, with, for example, Mr. Rutherford."

Sister Cordelia looked pained. "I trust not," she said, with a gentle and repressive dignity. "Fra - Mr. Rutherford and myself played together as children. His mental advancement is a cause of great anxiety to me. He does not take life seriously; at college he was over-addicted to field-sports, with the result that he was repeatedly, to speak familiarly, plucked. Yet in many directions he shows appreciative yearnings for better things. At the same time he cannot attain to that abstract love of humanity --- "

"A-hem," said Sister Elsie. "Excuse me, dear president, the influenza left me such a nasty cough."

The president drew herself up. "I desire to exercise no repressive authority," said she. "I am a sister, though your president. Do, Sister Elsie Lacordaire, do, my sisters, as seems good to you, bearing always in mind the welfare of the race. Tea is in the next room, and Aunt Margaret is wait-Our meeting, sisters, is adjourned."

In the next room, a luxurious apartment, sat two elderly ladies. One, a plump and pleasing person, sat by the tea-table, dispensing tea, cream, muffins, and cake; she was also recounting her grievances. "The troubles of a chaperon!" said she. "They've been sung and groaned often enough, Mary. The troubles of the chaperon of a beautiful heiress are great, but when that heiress is a - a philanthropist, they become perfect nightmares. Cordelia is very trying. This ridiculous sisterhood is comparatively harmless; but oh, my dear, her terrible 'slumming'! She doesn't even do that like other girls; I dread to hear her announce her intention of marrying some socialistic tinker for the good of humanity. Why can't she marry Frank Rutherford? Such a suitable match; such a charming fellow!"

"Perhaps she does not love him. is she?"

her."

"My dear, she only looks at a man's soul; and I suppose they're of no particular set in society."

"There is a great deal of her."

"Yes, she's admired, but no man shorter than Frank cares to dance with her. If she'd lived when there were giants on the earth, she'd have been more appreciated."

"I meant mentally."

"Oh, mentally! I wish young women had no mental development at all. That's summed up in one word, -impossible. You do a great deal of good, Mary, but you do not set about it in the mad way Cordelia does."

"I am older, Margaret, more cynical, more world-worn, and smaller-souled. The child doubtless makes mistakes, but the stuff she is made of is good.

Their works drop earthwards, but themselves, I know,

Reach many a time a Heaven that's shut to me."

"Oh, that's nonsense!" "It's Browning."

"It's the same thing. You can't guide your life by poetry, though, of course, it's very nice in its place. Candidly, Mary, this latter-day Christianity is, not to speak profanely, very trying. I am an orthodox person; I dislike new doctrines, or new developments of the old. Theosophy is the most comfortable of the new faiths; you have, so far as I can judge, to think of your next reincarnation, so of course you must take care of yourself. That's sensible. Oh, here they come! No, it's Frank and Mrs. Braintree."

There came into the room a slender, graceful woman, exquisitely dressed, with a low, pleading voice and rolling brown eyes. She was followed by an agreeable specimen of Young England, a big, fair, well-looking, well-dressed young man.

"How are you, dear Lady Bland? A little pale - ah! do take care of yourself. How d'ye do, Miss Carfax ? Mr. Rutherford and I met on the steps. And our darling Cordelia, how

"Very well, thanks. How d'ye do, Frank? Cordelia will be here directly, Mrs. Braintree. Do you take sugar? No? Very weak, because of your nerves? We are all so terribly highly strung nowadays,—except you, Frank;

your nerves are cast-iron."

Mr. Rutherford, who was pulling his moustache disconsolately, roused himself to hand Mrs. Braintree her cup. Lady Bland abominated Mrs. Braintree, an American singer who had recently appeared to storm London, and who, by her sympathy and love for the race, had won the heart of Miss Brevoort. Lady Bland was thankful when there was an irruption of the sisterhood into the drawing-room, and she was spared the necessity of talk with "that woman."

"Dear, darling Cordelia, if you knew how grieved I was at being unavoidably prevented from singing to your deeply interesting sandwich-men. I was distressed, dearest; so distressed."

"You could not help it, Alice; your sick friend had the first claim. Frank kindly sang another song, and a duet

with me."

"I thought you were not able to get back in time from golf, Mr. Rutherford?"

"Er - no; but I gave up golf."

"For the sake of the sandwichmen? How good, how sweet of you!"

"It was kind of you, Frank," said Cordelia. She sighed. Signor Rumbletante's fugue had fallen flat; Mr. Rutherford's rendering of "Mrs. 'Enry' Awkins" had been doubly encored. These things saddened President Cordelia Brevoort. She moved to give Miss Carfax some cake; Mr. Frank Rutherford followed her, and it befell, perchance because of this young man's strategical gifts, that Cordelia drank her own tea in a quiet corner at the end of the room, and Frank Rutherford sat there too. There was a buzz of talk, and they were virtually alone.

"Frank, it was very good of you to give up your golf for those poor peo-

ple."

"A-hem, yes. Cordelia, it wasn't for the men."

" No?"

"No; it was for you. I always meant to come, but I had to get out of dining with Mrs. Braintree. I came to

please you, to see you."

"This is what I so deplore in you, Frank," said Cordelia sadly. "I am but a unit; the sandwich-men are many. You place the unit before the many, and —"

"I do, when the unit's you. Not but what I'm sorry for these poor

devils, Delia."

"Frank, that is not the way to speak

of suffering brethren."

"I'm very sorry. But, Cordelia, I shall always put you first. I'm getting on, you know, I feel I am, but you come first; you always must. Now, Delia, I feel when I'm away from you I'm addicted to — to — backsliding; that's the word, backsliding. If I were always with you, you know ——"

"How could that be possible? But, surely, if you really lay to heart these

principles --- "

"Stop, dear Delia. If you would make up your mind to—to—marry me! I'm far beneath you in every way, of course, but I love you dearly, and I'd be as good a husband as I knew how."

"Frank, you grieve me inexpressi-

bly."

"Why, dearest? Of course, if you feel you don't care for me ——"

"It is not that. I have a—sisterly regard, a genuine affection for you; but that you should introduce this personal, this,—a—a—subjective element into our friendship, distresses me. You know I labor for the welfare of the race."

"But you know how I sympathize with you; you know how I admire your views. Look at it this way. Think of the incalculable good you might do the race; there are my tenants, all human beings, all going to the devil——"

" Frank ! "

"I beg your pardon, dear; I mean that they are greatly in need of light. There are no technical classes, no choral societies, no dramatic clubs, no debating societies, no culture of any kind. All Tumbleton belongs to me; you could build model cottages. The village is in dreadful repair; the drainage is simply——"

Miss Brevoort cut her lover short. "Frank! Do I understand that you are knowingly allowing your property to be in an insanitary condition?"

"No, no, dear Cordelia, not that. But there is much I should like to do, only I lack your guidance, don't you see?"

"I can advise you; I can help you."

"It would not be the same thing."
"I must live for humanity, Frank."

"You cannot be ubiquitous, dear. My property is very large; it would be a wide sphere of action. I really think it's your duty, Cordelia. And then—there's me. I love you so, darling. You used to say you loved me, when you were the sweetest little girl that ever wore pinafores; have you quite forgotten? I love you dearly, Cordelia."

No one who heard Mr. Rutherford's usual well-bred monotone could have credited his voice with possessing that range of notes. Woman, considered psychically, might be higher than man. Man, as embodied by Mr. Francis Lillington Rutherford, was as different from the primitive savage as his gardenia was unlike a daisy; but the substratum of the psychical development in the tea-gown and of the nineteenthcentury dandy was alike humanity. Consequently, when that thrill came into the notes dispensed by Mr. Rutherford's vocal chords, the corners of Miss Brevoort's mouth trembled, and a lovely crimson flush ran up to the roots of her hair as naturally as though she had been a dairy-maid. "It is as well that you should have said this," she said. "Just now I was thinking uncharitably of Sister Elsie, - I mean of Miss Lacordaire; I was unduly proud, very harsh. You have shown me my own weakness, Frank, and I-Ithank you."

"Cordelia, darling, what you call Cordelia rose, weakness is no weakness. You love go down-stairs."

debating societies, no culture of any me, dearest, and you won't confess it. kind. All Tumbleton belongs to me; You are too proud."

"Not proud; but I strive to be unselfish, Frank. I feel that I have unconsciously allowed myself to think—to give you an—an affection that I ought to be expending upon humanity. I know very well that if I yield to it, it will grow. My judgment will be warped; affection for you will become, as I have frequently said it should never be allowed to do, a glorified self-ishness. No, Frank, no, dear Frank, it cannot be. Do not pain me by referring to it."

"You do not care for my pain."

"I do, very much. Strive to fix your mind on wider things; cast this weakness behind you, as I do, as a childish folly."

"Never! It is not folly; it is a natural human feeling which you would deform. Cordelia, you give me no hope, but I shall never change. I never have loved another woman, and I never shall."

"You grieve me; yet, perhaps, that is well. In the present state of the evolution of the race, affection, concentrated upon an individual, is debasing. You may become the ideal man; strive to do so."

Miss Brevoort smiled sadly, but her eyes looked pleased. She swept softly away.

Six weeks later, Sister Cordelia sat in the room in which she received her intimates, wrote her letters, and transacted her business generally. It was a pretty room, and she looked the better for the pleasing background. She was not alone; Mrs. Braintree was with her. Mrs. Braintree had been lunching with her dear Cordelia; she sat in a deep cushioned chair and ate candy. "Really these candies are delicious," she said.

"They're nice, but I do not care for sweets."

"No, dearest Cordelia, your mind is fixed on higher things."

"Mr. Rutherford in the drawingroom, ma'am," announced the servant. Cordelia rose. "Come, Alice, let us go down-stairs." "No, dearest," said Mrs. Braintree gently. "No; you go, dear Cordelia. I will remain here."

"Why, Alice?"
"I would prefer it."

Miss Brevoort looked surprised. "I

cannot imagine why."

"Dearest," said Mrs. Braintree, as one who gives utterance to a painful admission, "since you press for an answer, it—in short—it is painful to me to meet Mr. Rutherford."

"Alice, you surprise me! I had thought, especially of late, that you and Mr. Rutherford were very much

together."

Miss Brevoort colored slightly.

"We were, dear; we shall not be so in future."

Cordelia looked nervous. "If you will not come down," she said hesitatingly, "I will not see Mr. Rutherford; Aunt Margaret will entertain him." She seated herself. "I wish you would explain, Alice."

"No, dear, I am perhaps over sensitive. You might think little of it."

"What is it?"

"It is simply told. I am singularly loyal to my sex. It is a folly, a weakness, but a fact."

"Do not say that. Loyalty a folly?

Never!"

"Sweet Cordelia, you are so sympathetic. It is thus, my dear girl. Mr. Rutherford has been excessively friendly — most kind — most attentive to me. He was two years in America, was he not?"

44 Yes. ??

"I am American, as you know. In writing to a very dear friend of mine, I casually mentioned Mr. Rutherford's name. My friend, it appears, met him in America, and wrote me a sad tale of the result of an idle flirtation of his,—nothing, of course, in his eyes. But the girl believed that he cared for her, and being very delicate, fretted so much that she is actually dying of decline. Now, of course, dearest, this is not Mr. Rutherford's fault; but I am over-sensitive, I dislike to meet him. I can trust you, dear girl; this is in strict confidence."

Cordelia was very pale. "You are not over sensitive," she said; "you are rightly sensitive. Such conduct is base, selfish, despicable,—all that is detestable!"

"You will not mention it chim?"

"No; but I, like yourself, can never again feel pleasure in Mr. Rutherford's society." Miss Brevoort was agitated, her breath came in little, quick pants. "It is shameful!" she said. "Shameful; and he is a hypocrite; he said he had never, — I mean, he professed love for the whole race."

"You will not mention it to him?"

"Certainly not. I — I — am disappointed in him, that is all."

"I must go, darling. I knew you

would feel with me."

Mrs. Braintree kissed her friend, and glided softly away. She went home, put on a lovely pale-green tea-gown, and turned the pink-shaded lights low. "Just a precaution," she murmured. "No violent scandal was necessary; she is so very refined, sensitive, and highly strung. A dear girl, but in some things stupid." She rang the bell. "Lay two places at table," said she. "I expect Mr. Rutherford to dinner."

Miss Brevoort lay back in her low chair, and shut her eyes. Presently a tear slid from beneath the lashes; it was shed for a unit, and a unit whom she had rejected. But then, she had hoped he might ultimately evolve into

the ideal man.

Cordelia Brevoort had a district wherein she visited; she was filled with philanthropic schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the human race. It was in this district that Lady Bland dreaded her possible encounter with a socialistic tinker. Cordelia was visiting it on a remarkably raw and chilly morning in January; she stood on the top step of a small, neat house, and talked to a comfortable-looking dame, the landlady.

"I'd take it very kind of you if you'd see 'im, miss," said the landlady. "I'm thinking it 'ud be as well if 'e went into the 'orspital. He ought to 'ave proper nursing, and with all my little ones, I ain't got no time, miss."

" Is he very poor?"

"Oh no, miss, 'e ain't that poor; 'e makes good money."

" Drawing ?"

"Yes, miss, drawing 'eads and flowers and sich. He draws 'em in chalks, mostly; he done some for a man as goes 'screeving' on the flags. Fenton does no end for 'im; and 'e sticks 'em up as 'is own, miss."

"That was very dishonest."

"They're poor, miss, and must live somehow; but there ain't no blessin' on dishonesty. Will you see 'im, miss ?"

"If I can be of any use."

"Step in, miss."

Cordelia stepped in, the landlady unceremoniously flung open a door, and remarking, "'Ere, Mr. Fenton, 'ere's a lady," departed. The room was small, decently and hideously furnished, and very untidy. There were a number of sketches, chiefly crayon, littered about. Birds, flowers, elves, -a nest of blue eggs shaded with apple blossom, - the head of a pretty, soulless Undine, - all very charming and dainty, exhibiting great talent and a very graceful fancy.

The artist, who was crouching over the fire, started and stood up nervously. He was a tall, slim man, with an un-English grace of gesture, who might have been thirty, perhaps not so much, certainly not more than thirty-two or three. He was very pale and evidently ill, but in other respects, save for his dress, a good-looking fellow, with fair, curly hair, worn artistically long, a clean-shaven face, blue eyes, and his mouth, though weak, was very sweet in expression. He was pitiably nervous, more like a shy child than a man.

"Mrs. Green told me you were ill. I visit here."

"I-ves, I suppose I am ill. have got inflammation of the lungs; that - that does make you ill."

"Of course it does. Are you sure you have it; because if so, you ought

not to be up?"

"I am sure it is my lungs; they are always weak." He was drawing lines

fine, delicate hand, purely artistic, but the art of such a man must necessarily be without pith or vigor. A man with those hands and that mouth might, and probably would, draw an exquisite Titania; never a Madonna, or a Joan of Arc. His voice was pleasant; it was obvious that he was what we call a gentleman, a man of culture and refinement.

"Do sit down," said Cordelia gently. "Is your name Fenton?"

"Yes; Mark Fenton."

"Mr. Fenton, I hope you do not mind my coming in; I mean only help. The people here are used to me; they expect me to come in, but you might think it a liberty."

"Why should I, more than they?"

"Because you are - in rather different a position. You might resent it : but I mean to be kind."

"I am sure you do. In what way am I in a different position?"

"Of course, Mr. Fenton, I - you won't mind my saving - I see you are a gentleman. That is what I mean by a different position."

"If to be a gentleman means to have a banking account and a good coat, I am afraid I am not a gentleman."

"No one thinks it means that. Of course if a man is once a gentleman he is always one."

"Do you think so?" he asked eagerly.

"Certainly. Do not you?"

"I think there are," began the man, and was cut short by his cough. Cordelia caught his arm and put him into the leather chair by the fire; he was "You are very panting for breath. ill," she said gently. "You must go to bed at once, and be nursed. You are utterly unfit to be about. You must have a doctor and a nurse - and - and be taken care of generally. Have you any friends to whom I could write?"

" No - none."

" No one who would come here and nurse you ?"

"No - no one; I am quite alone in on the table with his hand; it was a the world; all my friends - are dead."

rooms?"

"Yes; I wish the children were quieter." He passed his hand over his brow.

"I shall send the doctor here. I know him quite well, and I shall tell him to send a nurse."

"Stop - Miss - Miss - "

"My name is Brevoort."

"I have heard of you, Miss Bre-I cannot pay the doctor for more than one visit; I cannot pay the nurse at all."

"That will be all right, Mr. Fenton. You must not worry yourself."

"You mean you are going to pay. You are - it is - how can I accept

your goodness ? "

"It is no goodness. If you know anything about me, you also know my views about money. I do not consider that the large sums which I inherit, through the accident of birth, are mine. I should like to have the bulk of my money taken away, and given to its proper owners. I cannot have that done, so I think of myself as a trustee, not as an owner. Please don't talk; it makes you cough, and tires you. Good-bye."

She was gone, and after she had seen the doctor, who cherished a great though Platonic admiration for that beautiful lunatic, Sister Cordelia Brevoort, she went home with her active brain and tender, sympathetic heart brooding on the affairs of Mark Fenton,

artist in crayons.

He was exceedingly ill, but at length he rallied, and, through Cordelia's influence, went to a convalescent home in Bournemouth. Thence he wrote to her a long, well-expressed, grateful letter, saying that he was quite well, and should return to London the next week. He did return, and Cordelia went to see him. She had been markedly cold in her manner to Frank Rutherford since Mrs. Braintree's confidence, and that young gentleman, hurt and puzzled, spent a considerable portion of his time in the society of the fair widowed songstress.

"Are you comfortable in these | Brevoort's introductions, was swimming gaily with the stream; but, though it is hard to judge a lady's private views, it is to be surmised that she, being devoid of that uncomfortable and erratic appendage of the body. the artistic soul, judged that it would be more agreeable to be Mrs. Rutherford the county magnate, than Mrs. Braintree the public singer, however great and successful. Mr. Rutherford considered her to be "a jolly, sensible little woman, who has a hard time, and uo end of pluck; no nonsense about her, and no highflown notions "-this last clause with some bitterness.

> Cordelia Brevoort went to see Mark Fenton, and looked at his drawings. He was much better; no longer nervous with her, he appeared to be brighter, more sanguine, more in love with life. Cordelia's soft, sympathetic enthusiasm was like a draught of clixir to the lonely man. Those qualities in her led her into being "hideously swindled," said Lady Bland. Here and there they gave a crushed spirit a new lease of life; but what is that set against a fivepound note unworthily bestowed?

> The more she studied the drawings the more struck she became with the artist's talent. It was talent, great talent, perfect technical skill, not genius. The man's gifts were thrown away; true, they supported him, but they ought to do more. Cordelia's brain gave birth to an idea, and an incident, carelessly thrown in by Fatc. shaped it. She supported an art-school for girls; they had to show undeniable talent to be eligible, and they received their artistic training absolutely free. The lady who had been their instructress entered into the holy estate of matrimony, and went to live in the north of England. Miss Brevoort pondered; it was vacation at the school. She took a cab, and drove to Mark Fenton's. He was at home, sitting in the window to get a good light, and drawing a clump of daffodils, with a tiny blue tit fluttering over them.

"How pretty it is!" said Cordelia. "Go on drawing, please, while I talk." Mrs. Braintree, mainly through Miss She drew a portfolio towards her and

began turning over the sketches; sud- | who would fill the post as you would. denly she stopped. "Oh, it is very good," she exclaimed frankly; "but it's flattering."

Mark Fenton's pale face grew scarlet. "You do not think it a liberty?" he faltered. "It is for myself; not for sale, of course."

" Certainly I do not."

"I began to draw your face mechanically," said Fenton, in a low voice. " I was just sitting - thinking -

It was a remarkably good likeness, representing Cordelia in an attitude into which she often fell; leaning forward, the hands crossed, the lips apart, the eyes luminous with feeling, the air of tender listening, of absorption in another, lighting the whole face. There was something written beneath the portrait. Cordelia read it, flushed a little, as a humble, unselfish nature does flush at praise, and made no comment. The lines were :-

Half angel and half bird. And all a wonder and a wild desire,

Yet human at the red ripe of the heart. She laid the sketch softly away and spoke. "Mr. Fenton, I came to see you on business. There is an appointment in connection with an art-school which I can obtain" (seeing that the salary came out of Miss Brevoort's private purse, she could naturally obtain it). "Now I think you are the very person for it. The pupils are girls; they are all clever, otherwise they are not admitted, so the work ought to be interesting. The salary is not very large, but it is fairly good, and there are rooms at the school; you will live rent-free. It would be better, and I think pleasanter, than what you are doing; and you would have leisure to pursue your own work."

Fenton started and laid down his crayon. "You offer me this appointment? How more than good you are ! "

"No; I study the interests of the girls; I wish to secure them a good master. Hitherto they have been taught by a lady. I like to stand by my own sex, but I'm not bigoted on the point; I know of no lady available

I must think of the advancement of the girls. Your technique is so perfect : I could think that bird was going to flutter out across the room."

"Miss Brevoort, what can I say?"

"I hope - yes."

"If I said no, you would think me ungrateful. What shall I do?" He was greatly agitated.

"Why should you say no?"

"Because you would withdraw your offer if you knew all. I am not so vile as to sail under false colors with you. I must tell you, - I ought to have told you. I cannot accept your heavenly kindness, and it is so hard to tell you why; you do not know how hard. You have been like a cup of cold water in the desert. Think what a man would feel who had to pour it away, and see the sand drink what his lips were parched for."

"I hope you know that you are se-

cure of my sympathy."

"I don't know; ah, it's horribly hard!" He drew lines on the table with a shaking hand.

"You surely are not afraid of me?" "That is just what I am. I am afraid of everything and every one; and of you, at this moment, most of I must tell you, though. said, 'Once a gentleman, always a gentleman,' or something like it, didn't you ? "

" Yes."

"I was born a gentleman, and educated as one; but if a man dishonors his birth and his training, what then ?"

"Then he is very much to be pitied."

Fenton drew his breath in a gasp. "Miss Brevoort, I am a returned convict. I was five years in prison."

Cordelia started. The theory of the universal brotherhood of man necessitates the admission of the criminal into the family circle; but theory and practice are - different.

"But you were innocent?"

" No, I was guilty."

There was a little pause, then Cordelia spoke. "I am sure you are very "For myself? I have suffered enough for my sin to repent it."

"I did not mean that. I am sure you would be just as sorry, even had you not suffered."

"I don't know."

"I am sure of it. Will you tell me a

little more ?"

"I will try. I had plenty of money, and I lived up to my income. I fell in love when I was twenty-three, and I I was unbusinesslike; I speculated foolishly, and lost a lot of money. I could not make my wife see the necessity of retrenchment; I was as weak as water, - a fool, in short, as I am, and always have been. lived extravagantly, and ran into debt. When I was twenty-six, there was money belonging to some people for whom I was trustee. I had only been trustee a year; I borrowed some of that money for a time; the other trustee came from abroad, and - that was when I was twenty-six. I have been free two years; I am supposed to be dead." He spoke in a curious, dry, level voice, and still drew lines upon the table. "I suppose I repent," he went on. "I do; I am wretched; that is repentance, I imagine. The eyes of strangers in the street used to turn me sick with shame; I'm getting used to that now. You see what a useless life you saved."

"I could not. There is not such a

thing."

" As what ? "

" As a useless life."

"You cannot mean that?"

"I do. You are wasting your time now, perhaps, but when you realize that, you will gather up the fragments of life, and start again. You were foolish to be afraid of telling me, and unjust to me. I am very, very sorry for you."

"You really think I can start again? You don't understand. I am not an innocent man, suffering unjustly; I am

a thief."

"Say, you were a thief; you are not one now, if you are sorry. And I am quite, quite sure you will not be so again."

"No, I will not; but you see I cannot have that appointment."

"Mr. Fenton, I think the first part of your sentence renders the second untrue. You can, if you will."

"You are not offering me this now

that you know all about me?"

"Yes, I am. Because you say you are very sorry, because I believe you, because you have spoken the truth when you might have held your tongue, and I think that was very brave and honest; because you are better qualified for the post than any one I know who would accept it; and a little bit, though this is a very bad reason, because you are a personal friend of mine. Will you say yes?"

Mark Fenton did not say yes in words; he stared at her like one stunned. "I did not know there was such a woman possible as you," he said. "You are like a vision of God."

"You must not say that. I am no better than other people. We are all visions of God, when we forget ourselves for a moment, and try to help

each other."

Fenton stood up. He held his head a little higher, and straightened his shoulders; he had a habit of stooping. "Miss Brevoort," he said, "I will be true to the vision vouchsafed me, God helping me. I will not say again you have saved a worthless life. You are wiser than I. It is worth something, since you have looked at it. Your faith has saved it, - shall sanctify it." The two pairs of eyes met. Cordelia's had tears in them; he saw the tears, took her hand very gently, very humbly, and touched it with his lips. "It is nothing to say God bless you, Miss Brevoort," he said; "you are his blessing made incarnate. I will do the best work I can."

So the art-school had a new master, and flourished exceedingly; and two little flower paintings of Fenton's were

hung in a winter exhibition.

The flirtation between Mr. Rutherford and Mrs. Braintree was carried on discreetly on the lady's side. Miss Brevoort grew very quiet, and gentler than usual; she was rather pale, and a little depressed, though unwearied in well-doing. Lady Bland became possessed by an awful terror in which the "drawing person" usurped the place know how very clever Mr. Anderson the "socialistic tinker." Mrs. Braintree learned of the afflicted chaperon's anxiety, and told Frank Rutherford of it. He was so obviously disconcerted that his friend was as much annoyed as amused when he left

In the spring of that year, a wealthy and benevolent Australian visited England. He brought a letter of introduction to Lady Bland, and became a profound admirer, in a strictly fatherly fashion, of Miss Brevoort. He visited her school, and announced his intentions of endowing an institution of the kind on a larger scale in his native land. "You've got a capital teacher," said he. "You couldn't tell me of any one equally good?" and he named his proposed rate of payment, double Fenton's salary.

Cordelia pondered; Fenton was not a strong man, and the English winters tried him. She suggested that the Australian appointment should be offered to him. The benevolent gentleman jumped at the idea; he heard the whole history, and offered Fenton the Fenton very gratefully, very humbly, very apologetically, refused it. The Australian would not take the refusal, being struck by Fenton's method of teaching, his talents, and the infinite amount of pains he took. He

gave him a month to consider it. Cordelia went to see him and to remonstrate. "Why don't you accept?"

"I am contented here; unless you are dissatisfied."

"That is foolish, Mr. Fenton. I am satisfied, of course; but really this is a splendid opportunity, and you know you cannot stand the fogs."

"I do not want anything better than I have. I am getting used to fogs; I like them."

"Like them! You told me you could hardly breathe in them."

"I am not ungrateful, but I do not want to go."

"I cannot imagine why not. Really this present appointment does not give you a fair chance. I think you don't thinks you. He is a better critic than I am; he would push you forward as I cannot; and altogether, the entire change, the climate, the new coun-

"Miss Brevoort, will you tell me I am impertinent if I say something?"

" No."

"Then 'Entreat me not to leave thee.' You do not know how very much your friendship is to me; I am utterly unworthy of it, but I cannot give it up."

"You would not, Mr. Fenton: I hope we shall always be friends, - great and trusted friends, as we are now."

"It would not be the same. I should not see you, I should not hear your voice, I should not feel as I do now, that any hour, any minute, I might hear your step, see your smile, feel the unspeakable beauty and comfort of your presence."

Cordelia had not talked much lately of the superiority of the many over the unit, of the psychical development of woman as opposed to man. Something, some one was winnowing and sifting the chaff from the grain. Yet, though she was conscious that the influence of a unit had metamorphosed Mark Fenton and given him new life and strength, mentally and morally, she now became vaguely aware that the conversation was growing too subjective.

They were seated in the studio: the swing-door at the end of the room

"This way, Mrs. Braintree. Goodmorning, Fenton. I just met my friend, Mrs. Braintree, passing here, and persuaded her in to see that 'Undine' of yours. It has a look of her. Mr. Rutherford was with her, so he has - I beg your pardon, Miss Brevoort, I did not see you."

It was Mr. Anderson; Cordelia stood up, with a sense of having been tricked. Frank Rutherford with Mrs. Braintree!

her, "I can explain. Is this the -Ah-h-h!" It was as honest a shriek as ever burst from a pair of " Mark ! " - " Alice ! " lying lips. Mrs. Braintree was a woman of powerful mind, but she went into hysterics. The resurrection of a dead man of shady antecedents is a cruel strain upon the nerves of a true believer in the gospel of "getting on" when the dead man is the believer's husband. This was the painful position of Alice Braintree.

"Leave her to me," said Cordelia quickly. "Pray leave her to me." She tried to support her from the studio; Fenton followed; his face was grey. "Let me come too," he whispered. "She was - she is - my wife."

Cordelia was filled with sympathy. "Ah!" she cried. "She thought you

were dead, and this is joy."

Fenton smiled rather bitterly, but did not answer. Mrs. Braintree began to recover her speech, but not her self-control. "You!" she exclaimed. "And I thought I was free! Oh, there never was a woman so shamefully treated as I am - never! "

Fenton was silent.

"Alice!" cried Cordelia.

"Do you know who your protégé is?" screamed the angry woman. "He is a returned convict, a thief. I have had to change my name, and work like a galley-slave, through that man. I believe he set it abroad that he was dead from sheer spite. I might have married, or anything! Oh, it's infamous! I tell you (and you may tell Mr. Anderson if you want) he's a thief."

"I know your husband's past history, Alice," said Cordelia. "He told

it me."

"And you help a man like that! You are a mass of affectation! I suppose you sought a new experience, a Platonic flirtation with a returned convict."

Cordelia turned white.

"Alice," said Fenton, "you may Anderson, and spoke low. give me your wifely welcome in what-

"Dear Cordelia," cooed that lady to insult Miss Brevoort. I forbid you to speak another word."

Mrs. Braintree collected her scattered senses. "Cordelia," she said. with a diluted smile of hysterical rage and conciliation. "I do not know what I have been saving, d-d-dear. I am an ill-used woman; I have suffered a shock; I have endured much at the hands of that man; our paths must lie apart; he knows this, I am sure he wishes it. I grieve if I have spoken to you, my on - on - only friend, unjustly."

"You were excited, Alice; do not think more of it. Forgive me if I say that your husband has suffered too. I will go now, and leave you to talk. I hope you will persuade him to accept Mr. Anderson's offer." She turned to Fenton and held out her hand; he took it silently. "Mark," she said, calling him thus for the first time, "I hope this may mean happiness for you. I shall see you again in a few days; I

am always your friend, - you know that."

She turned away.

"One moment, sweet," said Mrs. Braintree. "Dear Cordelia, even at this trying moment, I cannot bear that you should judge me harshly; you thought it strange to meet me with Mr. Rutherford? To my great happiness, I find it was a Mr. F. C. Rutherford with whom my friend was acquainted, not F. L. It was such a relief to my mind; I got the letter yesterday, and was coming to tell you." She paused. "Dear one," she whispered, "may I beg that you will use your influence with the gentlemen to induce them to be silent about the - this - affair; and be silent yourself?"

Cordelia looked at her steadily. "I will do so," she said quietly. looked back again at Fenton, and there were tears in her eyes. "Good-bye," she said, softly. "No, -au revoir."

She left the room, and re-entered the studio; with one little quick glance at Frank Rutherford, she approached Mr.

"Of course, of course, Miss Breever terms you please; you shall not voort. I have not learnt much in my I am sorry to have been the means of you don't care for me." bringing about an unpleasant scene. Good-bye, Good-bye, Rutherford."

Mr. Frank Rutherford and Miss Cordelia Brevoort were left alone. "Frank," she said, "will you call me a cab, please?" Her voice was meek: she was thinking of the wrong she had done him in thought, thinking, too, of a certain lesson in psychology taught her by six months of jealous pain and disillusionment, - but Frank Rutherford thought that Mark Fenton, the drawing-master, was on her conscience, and drew himself up stiffly. Thus do our dear friends fail to pluck out the heart of our mystery. "Certainly, unless you would prefer - er - Mr. Fenton to get one for you."

She directed a heavenly glance of reproach at him, but the imp that sat on the tongue of this goddess was purely human. "No, Frank," said she, "I had rather you got one for me; Mr. Fenton is engaged. And I think that Mrs. Braintree will excuse

vou."

Frank Rutherford got the cab in humble silence, and helped her in. " Home ?"

" Home."

"A-a-may I come too, Delia?" Miss Brevoort did not answer; but Frank Rutherford gave his directions to the driver through the trap-door in the roof.

Meanwhile husband and wife faced each other. Mrs. Braintree sat down on the sofa. "Let us look at this thing calmly, Mark," she said. "We will not scold each other. I lost my temper; I admit it; I am cool now. Cordelia Brevoort will keep quiet, and she will keep the men quiet too. I am making a decent livelihood; so, I suppose, are you. You don't want me ; I, assuredly, don't want you. You do not want me ? "

" Not in the least."

"Then we meet and part here. If we meet again, you will not know Mrs. Braintree ? "

"I am entirely at your orders, Alice."

fifty years, except to hold my tongue. | very sensibly. I suppose the fact is,

"No, I don't."

"That is very nice; I am so glad. Good-bye, then; I wish you good luck, Mark." She was perfectly good-tempered now.

"One minute, Alice; I wanted to ask you something. You don't mind having a few minutes' conversation

with me ?"

"Oh no, oh dear no! I came to see your 'Undine.' What is it?" She leaned back, playing with her eyeglasses.

"You said something about Mr. Rutherford to Miss Brevoort; what

was it ?"

"Oh, that - I practised a pious fraud upon our dear Cordelia. I told her something about Mr. Rutherford; nothing any other woman would have cared a fig about, but she's so ridiculous. However, I wanted a Roland, so I gave her an Oliver. Besides, in the circumstances, I had no reason for not doing so."

"I don't understand you."

"It is rather an awkward thing to say to you, Mark; gauche, bad form, but - Mr. Rutherford is very eligible. I, though you do not care for me, am still as attractive as you thought me, - before you married me. thought I was a widow."

"You meant to marry Rutherford, had it not been for my want of tact; I grasp that. But what has that to do

with Miss Brevoort ?"

"Frank Rutherford is in love with Cordelia Brevoort; and, though she is half-cracked, she likes him. I told her a girl was dying for love of him; she prides herself on her 'loyalty to her sex,' ha, ha!"

" Go on."

"Now I have cleared matters up between them. He is just the sort of fool that these recognized, catalogued, ticketed 'clever women' can't resist, which proves that there is one thing more stupid than an overgrown fool of a man, and that's a clever woman. He understands about one minute sec-"You are behaving very decently, tion of Cordelia's mind, which section

he admires very blindly. And he also vania, was probably the only person likes a woman to be tall; Cordelia is very tall. They will marry, and live happily ever after. I dare say they are engaged by this time." Mrs. Brain-

tree laughed gaily.

" Ah ! " It was a curious little sound, neither sob, sigh, nor groan, yet partaking of the nature of all three. Mrs. Braintree raised her glasses, and scrutinized her husband. "Dear me," she said to herself, "how very truly absurd!"

The next morning Mr. Anderson received Mark Fenton's acceptance of the Australian appointment. He sailed three weeks later, and the crayon sketch of Sister Cordelia Brevoort sailed with him.

From The Contemporary Review. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY IN DOMESTIC LIFE. BY MADAME BELLOC.

NINETY years have passed since Dr. Joseph Priestley died at Northumberland in Pennsylvania. He is buried there with his wife and youngest son, Henry, and one by one a group of American descendants have been gathered to his side in that simple graveyard. With his scientific achievements I am incompetent to deal; but it seems to me that his reputation is not lessened by the lapse of years. He had the divining intellect which suggested even more than it achieved. He told to his contemporaries his successes, and even his mistakes, with the eager simplicity of a child of genius. His mind, like Kepler's, leapt from point to point, indicating many main lines of modern discovery. His statue, modelled from Fuseli's portrait, was placed in the Oxford Museum by a committee co-operating with Prince Albert; his name figures on the great frieze surrounding the Palais d'Industrie in the Champs Elysées; and Birmingham erected a statue to him in 1874, the centenary of the discovery of oxygen.

When this statue was inaugurated,

living in England who could personally recall Joseph Priestley. She was seven years old when he died. He had taught her to read, and her memory of him remained perfectly clear and vivid. The delicate features of the old man, framed in thin locks of silvery hair, are recorded in the portrait by Artaud before me as I write. This presentment, rather than any of those by Flaxman, is what my mother affirmed to be the real grandfather she remembered. It may not be without interest to try to recover some traits of the man as he was, according to the last echo of oral tradition. Also to this end indirect help is given by a record which he left of his private life, an old-fashioned, reticent autobiography, which, though several times reprinted, is hardly known in general literature, because it is filled from cover to cover, not with records of the scientific discoveries which were making him famous from one end of Europe to the other, but with thoughts and interpretations pertaining to the Scriptures and life eternal. It is impossible to look upon the faded manuscript, in its century-old binding of white skin, without a feeling of deep, pathetic reverence. Matthew, Paul, John - with them he wrestled singlehanded, if by any means he might wring out the truth of things divine. He scarcely takes the trouble to note those experiments on electricity, gas, and water which earned for him, even in his own lifetime, the recognition of the civilized world. To this autobiography his eldest son appended a supplementary chapter, recording the last years and peaceful death-bed, at which even the little grandchildren were pres-

Modern readers will perhaps regret the destruction by Dr. Priestley himself of the great bulk of his correspondence; and in the first edition of the life Mr. Priestley expresses a sentiment which falls on the ear like a tone from some old-fashioned musical instrument forgotten of men :-

The work [says he] might have been my mother, who was born in Pennsyl- made more interesting, as well as entertaining, had I deemed myself at liberty to have published letters addressed to my father by persons of eminence in this country [America] as well as in Europe. But those communications which were intended to be private shall remain so, as I do not think I have a right to amuse the public either against or without the inclinations of those who confided their correspondence to his care.

Many letters have, however, been preserved from oblivion; some have been privately printed in New York, others are in my possession, and now that full ninety years have passed since the last letter was written and received, and that few can even remember in his old age the reverent and scrupulous son, no such obligation need restrain the pen, through the written personal rec-

ord is at best but meagre.

It can, however, be supplemented from other sources. Priestley made a great impression upon his contemporaries, as is witnessed by the extraordinary number of portraits and medallions executed in his lifetime; nor did the political caricaturists spare him. Moreover, the dignified household, marked by plain living and high thinking, and at all times poor in worldly goods, became the centre of a very whirlpool. The Birmingham riots raged round Priestley and his friends, and were full of ferocious passion, full also of incident, and of that strange blending of the sublime and the commonplace in which lies the deepest We have many letters repathos. counting how people lost their property, their loose coin, their keys, and their clothes, as well as precious papers. We are told how the young people of Priestley's congregation, Mary R. and Sarah S. and their brothers, were hurried away along the country roads by their frightened parents, the mob roaring and racing a mile or two behind; and one of the girls afterwards wrote the best account we have of those four days. In the midst of the turmoil stood Priestley, calm and patient, forbidding the young men of his congregation to strike a blow. In the letters of his contemporaries, rather quite a little fellow was sent to his ma-

than in any documents furnished by himself, we must seek for the man.

He was born in Yorkshire, of an old Presbyterian stock; one branch of the family acquired wealth and lived at Whiteways, but his own immediate ancestors were farmers and clothiers. people of substance in the yeoman class. We can trace them accurately as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century, when one Phœbe Priestley, after wrestling with fever in her household, was herself stricken and "lav like a lamb before the Lord" on her death-bed. Her husband wrote a long and touching account of all she said and did, that her children might know what manner of mother they had lost. These people were presumably of the same stock as the Priestleys of Soylands, who run back into the Middle Ages.

The children of the Priestlev families were all named after Scriptural characters. They were Josephs, Timothys, and Sarahs from one generation to another. The Bible was stamped into them, and from it they drew all the inspiration of their lives. That gifted Joseph, who was to make so singular an impression on his time, and to be associated with Shelburne and Sandwich, with Captain Cook, D'Alembert, and Diderot, and to receive honors from the Empress Catherine of Russia. was born on March 13 (old style) in the year 1733, at Fieldhead, a small stone house about six miles south-west of Leeds. It is now taken down, but I visited it in my youth, and made a rough sketch, which shows that it was rather smaller than the house of Shakespeare's birth at Stratford-on-Avon, but of much the same type, and probably very ancient. The front door led into the house-place; a division had been made to accommodate two families, but originally, one hundred and sixty years ago, it would have been a solid and respectable homestead, and fifty years later we find Priestley writing to his sister, Mrs. Crouch, at the

address of Fieldhead. He was the eldest of six, and when ton, near Wakefield, and remained there till his mother's death in 1740.

It is but little [he says] that I can recollect of my mother. I remember, however, that she was careful to teach me the Assembly's Catechism, and to give me the best instruction the little time that I was at home. Once in particular, when I was playing with a pin, she asked me where I got it; and on my telling her that I found it at my uncle's, who lived very near to my father's, and where I had been playing with my cousins, she made me carry it back again; no doubt to impress my mind, as it could not fail to do, with the clear idea of the distinction of property, and of the importance of attending to it. She died in the hard winter of 1739, not long after being delivered of my youngest brother, and is said to have dreamed a little before her death that she was in a delightful place which she particularly described, and imagined to be heaven. The last words which she spoke, as my aunt informed me, were: "Let me go to that fine place."

Quaint little picture of the Puritan woman whose lesson to her son was to remain indelible, and to be recalled by the old man after a long career of labor and honorable success.

The boy's life now underwent a radical change. On his mother's death he was taken home, the next brother replacing him in the farmer's household, and before long a sister of his father's, married to a wealthy man of the name of Keighley, offered to adopt and consider him as her own child. This was when Priestley was nine years old, and for twenty years Mrs. Keighley survived and kept her promise. Her husband, "remarkable for piety and for public spirit," died soon after the adoption of the child, leaving the greater part of his fortune to his widow, and much of it at her disposal after her death. From this time forward the boy had every advantage of education so far as it could be obtained at a time when the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were strictly closed to Dissenters. He was well instructed in the learned languages, of which he and Sir Harbottle carried off Harriet

ternal grandfather, a farmer at Shap-| says he had acquired a pretty good knowledge at the age of sixteen.

> His aunt naturally wished her adopted son to become a minister, and he entered into her views; but becoming, as it was thought, consumptive, he took another great intellectual start. The dead languages were laid aside, and with a view to a mercantile situation the youth learned three modern languages - French, Italian, and High Dutch, all without a master - and in the first and last, says he, "I translated and wrote letters for an uncle of mine who was a merchant, and who intended to put me into a counting-house at Lisbon. A house was actually engaged to receive me there, and everything was nearly ready for my undertaking the voyage." But the patient's health improved, and the foreign project was laid aside.

Priestley, therefore, resumed his theological studies, and in due time was ordained minister; and being a man of great though unconscious ability, wholly free from exaggeration of language, he has drawn a picture of the life led in Yorkshire by Presbyterian divines which must impress the modern reader with astonishment and perhaps admiration. No hermits of the desert, no monks of La Trappe, dwelt more serenely in an atmosphere apart. was the time of Louis the Fifteenth in France and of George the Second in England, and the nephews and nieces of Charlotte Princess Palatine were still living, and her letters, whose name is legion, yet lay stored in the cabinets of her correspondents, full of inexpressible details discussed in most expressive language. It was the time when Jeanie Deans walked from Scotland to beg her sister's life of Queen Caroline, and met Madge Wildfire in the way. It was the time when the polite world was composed of "men, women, and Herveys;" when Squire Pendarves was found dead in his bed in Greek Street, Soho, leaving his young widow to be courted by John Wesley and wedded by Dr. Delany; when statesmen bribed, and young blades drank,

Jacobite Rebellion flamed up and expired, when the Young Pretender marched to Derby, and the heads of the decapitated lords were exposed on Temple Bar; tragedies, agonies, highway robberies, Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, smugglers, the press gang; Frederick, Prince of Wales, quarrelling little George, "que l'un n'empêche pas l'autre," Horace Walpole making the agonized misery. Merciful heavens! what an England, of which we possess the daily diary! We can see Hogarth at his easel, and Sir Joshua taking his first stiff portraits, and Garrick going on pilgrimage to Stratford, and the young king courting Hannah Lightfoot and marrying his little bride from Mecklenburg. Without too much verifying of dates, it is certain that all this was happening before Dr. Priestley was thirty years of age, and that of none of it is there the faintest mention in the account he has drawn up of his own childhood, youth, and young manhood, though he was himself destined to be one of the principal illustrations of the Georgian era. For anything which appears to the contrary, he and own life, it was in 1752 that he went as his friends might have dwelt in some far serene planet whose inhabitants were wholly given up to study and to prayer. The tutors and students of The new student felt "that peculiar Warrington Academy bestowed their whole minds (and very good minds) on the classics, the mathematics, and metaphysics, and most of all on the theological discussions upon freewill and free from the cares and anxieties and necessity, on the exact attributes of the Logos, and the exact results of the atonement. Keenly alive to the immortal interests of man, the actual young persons need not here be anaworld touched them not. Much must lyzed, though they are most curious be allowed to the absence of newspapers, to the want of easy communication. The men of the north who did tained a small appointment as minister not live with their bottle lived with at Needham Market in Suffolk, and their book; but it does seem strange seems to have been pleased to get it. that forty years later, when writing or His congregation numbered about one LIVING AGE. VOL. IV. 187

Byron, whose shrieks brought Sir revising his own story, Priestley, be-Charles Grandison to the rescue, sword come in a sense a man of the world, in hand. It was the period when the should not recall of those exciting times a single letter, a single speech. Still stranger perhaps is it to note that though during his last years Europe still lay bleeding, he added no word on the great convulsion, nor upon the rise of Buonaparte; except in occasional notices in his private letters, he makes no reference to the French Revolution. in Leicester Square. Queen Caroline It is impossible to doubt that all its on her death-bed telling her weeping details became gradually known to him, but it is the literal truth that his interests lay "otherwhere." People now grand tour, Dean Swift dying in talk of true inwardness - such inwardness as Priestley's was really a "recollectedness" of the most singular kind. and it largely accounts for the extraordinary personal influence he possessed. He impressed those about him as a being from another sphere; of this there are many traces. Yet his own life was really one of the first to be swept into the vortex. When Harry Priestley rushed into the great drawing-room at Barr to tell the Galtons that the Bastille was down, it meant for the boy and his family flaming destruction and exile, and in his own case an early death. It is Marianne Galton, Mrs. Schimmelpennick, who tells the anecdote.

Returning to the thread of Priestley's a pupil to the academy at Daventry, where he remained for three years under a successor of Dr. Doddridge. satisfaction with which young persons of generous minds usually go through a course of liberal study in the society of others engaged in the same pursuits, which seldom fail to lay hold on them when they come out into the world."

The endless discussions of these and interesting. They are accessible in print. In three years Priestley ob-

hundred, and the salary did not even amount to the now classical forty pounds a year. The young man lived very meagrely. His rich aunt, Mrs. Keighley, had been displeased at his theological opinions, and she had taken a deformed niece into her charge who ultimately inherited all she had to bequeath. His aunt had always assured him that she would leave him independent of his profession, but he was "satisfied that she was no longer able to perform her promise" and freely consented to the money being left to his deformed cousin. His aunt finally bequeathed him a silver tankard, and he remarks, "She had spared no expense in my education, and that was doing more for me than giving me an estate."

In 1758 he left Needham, going to London by sea to save expense, and from thence to Nantwich in Cheshire, where he had an offer from a congregation, and where he opened a school for about thirty boys with a separate room for half-a-dozen young ladies. Priestley at all times gave his best mind to the teaching of girls, and shows by many incidental words that he held women in as high mental and moral estimation as men; and he does this quite simply, and with no idea of propounding a theory or combating a prejudice. The profits of the school now enabled him to buy a few books, and also some philosophical instruments, with which he used to instruct and amuse his boys. He tells us that he had no leisure to make any experiments till many years later. A portrait of him at this period of his life shows a slender, intelligent young minister in wig, gown, and bands. Nantwich he learned to play the flute, and makes the odd observation that he would "recommend the knowledge and practice of music to all studious persons, and it will be the better for them if, like myself, they should have no very fine ear or exquisite taste, as by this means they will be more easily pleased and be less apt to be offended when the performances they hear are but indifferent."

In 1761 he moved to Warrington, where he succeeded the famous Dr. Aikin as "tutor in the learned languages" at the Academy. "But as I told the persons who brought me the invitation, I should have preferred the office of teaching the mathematics and natural philosophy, for which I had at that time a great predilection." Here he remained six years, and in the second year became a married man, his wife being sister to one of his pupils. William Wilkinson, and daughter of a wealthy Welsh ironmaster. how he writes about her many years later; there is no want of feeling in the simplicity of the style, our greatgrandparents did not wear their hearts upon their sleeves : -

This proved a very suitable and happy connection, my wife being a woman of an excellent understanding much improved by reading, of great fortitude and strength of mind, and of a temper in the highest degree affectionate and generous, feeling strongly for others and little for herself. Also excelling in everything relating to household affairs, she entirely relieved me of all concern of that kind, which allowed me to give all my time to the prosecution of my studies.

It is a tradition in the family that Mrs. Priestley once sent her famous husband to market with a large basket and that he so acquitted himself that she never sent him again! Mrs. Priestley was extremely intelligent and original. Lord Shelburne once found her sitting on the top of a pair of steps, clad in a great apron, and vigorously pasting on a new wall-paper. She received him with calm composure. There is a good portrait of her as an elderly lady in a cap, curving her hand round her ear to assist her hearing. She must have herself insisted upon being painted in this unusual attitude. She looks like a person of excellent understanding whose mind had been much improved by reading.

Priestley now managed to spend every year a month in London. He gradually became more and more interested in natural science, made noteworthy experiments in the great

became intimately acquainted with Benjamin Franklin, and in constant communication with the members of the Royal Society, went to Paris with Lord Shelburne, and very nearly went round the world with Captain Cook. Into the details of that fruitful period of five-and-twenty years it is needless to enter. It is open to all who care to read about it. His letters and those of his scientific friends are touched by an imaginative light of intellectual dawn. Franklin and Wedgwood, James Watt and the elder Darwin, felt a breeze as from a mountain-top. Not for them was nature pessimistic in her conclusions. They did not anticipate that a perfected telescope would only serve to bring us within range of the ravening tyrants of the star! They were haunted by no visions of a dying sun and a cooling earth. Most of them saw God in clouds and heard him in the wind; and even those who were touched by intellectual atheism conceived of nature as a boundless realm of progressive wealth, conducive to the use and happiness of man.

Priestley was made doctor of laws by the University of Edinburgh and a member of the Royal Society by the agency of Franklin. He tells us this in four lines, and goes on to write six close pages on Scriptural matters as discussed by his colleagues, the tutors and ministers of Warrington. During several years he and his wife had to practise the most laborious economy in order to feed and educate their four children. It would be curious to learn what were the necessaries and what the luxuries of life in Yorkshire a hundred and twenty-five years ago. What did meat cost, and was it eaten every day? What was the price of textile fabrics, and what was paid in wages? All who know the details of a minister's house even in the first half of this century can keenly realize how very hard it was to have everything sacked, torn, and burnt in the Birmingham Riots.

been settled eleven years in the town Miss Catherine Hutton in a letter dated

beer-vats of a brewery at Leeds, as minister, and very happy years they had proved. His house, Fair Hill, was really in the country, but was then within an easy walk of the central streets. Dotted about were the wealthy abodes of prosperous merchants and manufacturers, and here he found "good workmen" to make his instruments, and "the society of persons eminent for their knowledge of chemistry." Here he met the Lunar Society, which dined together every month at the full of the moon, and numbered James Watt, Matthew Boulton, Erasmus Darwin, and Mr. Galton among its members. All this happy activity, this peaceful and refined centre of human life, was swept away in four cruel days, and never reconstituted.

In the first fortnight of July, 1791, a number of Birmingham gentlemen had planned to dine together at an hotel to commemorate the destruction of the Bastille two years previously. At that time the coming horrors of the Revolution were undreamt of. The French royal family were at the Tuileries, and not a single head had fallen beneath the guillotine. The mild men who wished to dine together in the full light of a blazing afternoon in July, had no wish for anything but the highest good of their kind, and Dr. Priestley meeting Mr. Berrington, the well-known Catholic priest, at tea on Wednesday the 6th, asked him and their host, Mr. William Hutton, to join the banquet. But Mr. Berrington was more acute than the doctor, and replied, "No; we Catholics stand better with government than you Dissenters, and we will not make common cause with you." On Monday the 11th the dinner was advertised in a local newspaper, and - sinister portent - immediately under that advertisement was "another, informing the public that the names of the gentlemen who should dine at the hotel on Thursday would be published, price one halfpenny. This seemed a signal for mischief, but mischief was unknown in Birmingham, When these occurred Priestley had and no one regarded it." So wrote

the following week. She adds that her brother Thomas told her on Tuesday the 12th that "a riot was expected on Thursday, but so little was I interested by the intelligence that it left no impression on my mind. The word 'riot,' since so dreadful, contained no other idea than that of verbal abuse."

The dinner took place. A mob assembled and broke the windows, hissing and groaning, but the Liberal gentlemen did not apparently think much of this, and several of them went and took tea at a friend's house in town. This was literally noted as occurring at five o'clock, and it happens that their conversation has been recorded in a private letter, since privately printed. Dr. Priestley, however, was not with them at dinner or at tea. He had been persuaded by a wary friend to stay away. The lively, bright girl, Miss Mary R., who wrote the most vivid of all the accounts which have come down to us, went that afternoon to Fair Hill, and found Mrs. Priestley preparing to walk into Birmingham. To the rumors of window-breaking, told her by her young friend, she replied with characteristic decision, "Nonsense, my dear," or words to that effect. The two set out together and walked back into the town, the distance of a mile, where they found the gentlemen still at tea. They were all friends, and mostly relatives by blood or marriage - the older Birmingham families forming a sort of local mercantile aristocracy, full of culture and public spirit. After the ladies had returned each to their homes, Miss Mary R. went to look at a new conservatory which her father had just built for his daughters. It was quite empty, but the gardener had prepared the mould, and had purchased a number of plants which the young people meant to set early the next morning.

The flowers were never planted. The conservatory remains as "the baseless fabric of a vision." When the twilight darkened, the young ladies stood upon their father's lawn watching the double glow where the Old and New Meeting Samuel Ryland, whose daughter was engaged to marry Joseph Priestley the younger, got "a chaise" and hurried off to Fair Hill. He had been warned by "a very Liberal Churchman, Mr. Vale," who had heard mischief intended, and begged him to "take Dr. Priestley away, as he was fearful his life was in danger." Mr. Ryland found the doctor, who had not been into Birmingham at all, "playing at backgammon with his wife, and when informed his meeting house was on fire could scarcely believe it, and refused to leave home." Probably Mrs. Priestley also said she would not go, abandoning her pleasant, orderly rooms, her hundred and one simple treasures, her china, her linen, her books, the house where her children had grown up. However, "he and Mrs. Priestley were persuaded to get into the carriage," and leave the house to his servants and a few young men who had arrived meanwhile with the intelligence of the riot. These young men, members of the congregation, had begged hard to be allowed to defend Fair Hill. But Dr. Priestley absolutely forbade them to strike a blow. He told them that a minister of the Gospel must not risk bloodshed even in lawful defence of his worldly goods, and he passed out of the house, leaving behind him his library, his costly and beautiful philosophical instruments, his treasured manuscripts, the notes of five-and-twenty years of scientific labor.

When the chaise with Dr. and Mrs. Priestley had rolled away, the servants extinguished every fire, the blinds were drawn down, and in the darkened rooms began that vigil by Mr. Hill which his one surviving son, Mr. Frederick Hill, has lately recounted in such moving terms. For half an hour the young man watched and waited; then came the tramp of the mob. The rest is matter of oft-repeated history. The ringleaders procured a light from the nearest public-house and set fire to the laboratory and the library. Of all the property in that dwelling an official inventory was afterwards compiled, a Houses were in flames. Then Mr. copy of which was made for Mr. Tim-

and antiquary, a hundred years later. of each entry given by sworn valuers, for the furniture, and booksellers for the books. All these are very curious and interesting as records of the interior of a substantial house one hundred years ago, and valuable as a register of the prices of household furniture. It has been partially reproduced in Dr. Carrington Bolton's interesting volume of Priestley's scientific correspondence, privately printed in New York. In addition to the splendid apparatus given to the doctor partly by Lord Shelburne, partly by Wedgwood and other friends, are noted a large silver medallion of Sir Isaac Newton, and another in Wedgwood ware, two "five-guinea notes" in pocket-books, a Magellan time-piece, three black Wedgwood inkstands, a large mahogany lathe, sixty pounds worth of lenses, and other optical instruments, including a large camera obscura. Of "chemical substances" there were six or seven hundred, liquid and solid, of which no account can be given, many of them the results of expensive processes.

About three years later a similar inventory was taken of the apparatus of the French chemist, Lavoisier, guil-

lotined in May, 1794.

Fair Hill remained a mere shell, of which small pictures were made and published. Of the actual burning a strange record exists. An artist of the name of Exted, a "pupil of Hogarth," made an elaborate painting in oils, "This picsketched upon the spot. ture represents the mob, with the banner inscribed 'Church and King,' in the very act of destroying Dr. Priestley's house; chairs, globes, bottles, apparatus, a wig, slippers, windowframes, books and pamphlets, a telescope, a bed-post, lying on the ground or falling from a window. The more

mins, the well-known local historian various attitudes, the drunken ones stretched out at length. Several of the The original document is a folio book faces are portraits; among them the of sixty-five pages, in which the most town-crier with his public bell, a deminute details are given, and the value mon who attended on the occasion to incite the mob." This description is surveyors for the building, auctioneers from a private letter. It is my impression that the secret history of the Birmingham Riots has never been unearthed, and now never will be known. Political passion has sub-Churchmen and Dissenters sided; have changed their lines of thought: the New Meeting has become a Roman Catholic chapel, and Dr. Priestley's congregation meets in a fine building called the Church of the Messiah, and a son of Sarah S. became the muchrespected mayor and most prominent citizen of the metropolis of the Midlands.

Of the destruction of many other houses, far wealthier than that of Priestley, sad stories remain, notably the ruin of William Hutton's two dwellings; while Dr. Priestley's journey to London, his sojourn at Hackney, and final emigration to America are matters of history. But, on examining the documents, some unpublished, others printed in old-fashioned magazines, from whence they have never emerged, I am deeply impressed with the struggle it cost him to cross the Atlantic, and the changed life to which he submitted. The younger men of the congregation, including his own sons, believed in the possibility of a successful settlement across the ocean. But, as happened in the case of Winthrop, a hundred and sixty years earlier, the hand of death lay heavy on the exiles. The first to go was Henry Priestley, a delicate young man brought up for a learned profession. He flung himself into a farmer's life, caught ague, and then fever, from exposure in the unwonted climate, and died in 1795. His valiant mother survived him just nine months. The new house, now known as the Priestley House, and kept up by government, was partly planned by her, the notable housewife sober part of the rioters, both in the who for thirty-four years had spared house and in the garden, in the most her husband every practical care. She did not live to inhabit it. Priestley's habitual submission carried him over a time of deep depression, which he pathetically tries in his letters to conceal. Over them, though some of them have been printed from a collection at Warrington, I draw a veil. Under the deep self-control and reserve of his Presbyterian nurture was hidden a soul sensitively alive to affection, and an intellect instinct with genius. Among men he had one dear friend, with whom he continued to correspond. The following letter hitherto unpublished, ends with sad, suppressed yearning. It reached its destination, travelling from the backwoods of Pennsylvania to the Strand, and lies before me now : -

NORTHUMBERLAND, April 2, 1802. To the Rev. W. Lindsey,

Essex Street, London.

DEAR FRIEND, - I have at length, with great satisfaction, received a box of books from Mr. Johnson, though by no means all that I wrote for long ago. In it I was disappointed not to find either Mr. Belsham's "Lectures," or his [brother's] fifth and sixth volumes. But my son, being at Philadelphia when the box arrived, purchased those books for me. The history, being more immediately interesting, I read first, and also the "Answer to Mr. Marsh," and I admire them as much as, from your account of them, I expected to do. I am, however, astonished at the freedom with which he writes. Nothing of the kind would have passed unnoticed here during Mr. Adam's administration. I long to see another volume, which I imagine will bring the history down to the general peace. I see references to his history in quarto. Is this materially different from that in octavo?

I have made some progress in reading Mr. Belsham's "Lectures," and admire their clearness and comprehensiveness. That any work of this kind should be inviting to the generality of readers cannot be expected, especially as there is nothing of controversy to stimulate. It will, however, I doubt not, be long a standard work on the subject.

Please to call on Mr. Philips, and thank him in my name for the many curious and valuable articles which he has sent me in this parcel. I sent Mr. Nicholson two articles for his Journal, with a P.S. to one of them in a letter to you. Has he received them? I hope Mr. Morgan has received the letter I wrote him. Dr. Woodhouse, Professor of Chemistry here, is going to make a tour of part of Europe. I gave him a letter of introduction to you, and sent after him directed to you, one to Sir Joseph Banks, who, I hope, will receive him with civility.

Warned by the impaired state of my health (though I am not without hopes of a restoration) that what I do I must do quickly, I have begun to print the "Continuation of my Church History." We have printed two sheets, and I am promised three in a week. Four volumes will complete the whole. As I have hardly any other source of expense I hope that, if Mr. Wilkinson continues his allowance, I shall be able to finish this with little or no assistance, but if I receive any it will be welcomet No person has been more liberal in his promises to aid me in works of this kind than Mr. Russell, but his affairs have been in such a state that he has not been able. I think to write to him on the subject. He shall have copies for all that he may advance.

I have just received a very interesting letter from Mr. J. Stone, giving me an account of the state of religion in France and in Germany, where Unitarianism has already gained great ground, and has been the means of putting a stop to the spread of infidelity. He was intimate with Mr. de la Harpe, the tutor of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and from his letters I have formed great expectations from him. He is the friend of liberty, and in this promises to be a truly patriot prince. Mr. Stone urges me much to go to Paris. But any removal is now out of the question. I must be thinking of my last, and I am thankful that I see no great cause to be anxious about it. I have lived in good health to the usual term of human life, and hope I have done some good in it, though I am sensible I might have done more. I am particularly thankful that you have been so long preserved to me and to the world. What could I have done without you? and this in many respects. I can only wish that we may derive the same advantage from our intercourse in another state, and the nearer I approach to it the more I think of it. How dark and gloomy must be the prospects of unbelievers in the same circumstances!

ter, such as no person here remembers, and the papers say that you have had a severe one, and that the dearness of provision continues. On the whole, I think a situation in this country more truly eligible than in any other country in the world. We have peace and plenty, and everything in a state of unexampled improvement. I may add that this very place appears to me to be on the whole more eligible than any other that I have seen or heard of.

Yours and Mrs. Lindsey's most affectionately, J. PRIESTLEY.

Priestley survived his wife's death eight years, and found a measure of restored happiness in the children of his eldest son. No murmur ever crossed his lips. He worked on to the very last, correcting proofs of his "Notes on Isaiah" two days before he died, "and, having examined the Greek and Hebrew quotations, and finding them right, he said he was satisfied we should finish the work very well." On the morning of his death, February 6, 1804, he dictated an alteration in a pamphlet; his son read it over to him, and he said: "That is right, and I have now done." He had previously offered grateful thanks to the Almighty for giving him a painless death among his children; and putting his hand before his face, so that those watching him could not tell the exact moment, he passed away in deep and conscious communion with his God.

> From Temple Bar. A MODERN INTERPRETER.

And in clear dream, and solemn vision, Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear.

How often, nowadays, is the province of the mystic confused with that of the visionary! Even Emerson himself habitually speaks of Swedenborg as a mystic, whereas he was a visionary pure and simple, without a trace of mysticism about him. Coming to the realm of poetry, popular confusion in this respect is worse confounded. The school of Wordsworth, and, in a lesser degree, of Byron, Matthew Arnold, and Tennyson - properly representing the practical and speculative - some would

We have had an uncommonly mild win- 1" priestly " succession — is inextricably mixed up, in popular estimation, with the school of the "prophets," of whose modern representatives more anon. A purblind public is content to regard any utterance not readily comprehensible as necessarily "mystical" - forgetting that the burden of the seer the clairvoyant of nature - though necessarily intelligible, may be as hard to understand initially at least as the mystical reservation of the hierophant, which is never meant to be understood. The full virtue of the former lies in its ultimate intelligibility; that of the latter in its being shrouded in mystery, and hinting of that behind the veil. The daylight vision, which is the prophet's joy, is little short of sacrilege to the mystic. To analyze the rainbow, with the latter, is the death of its poetic aspect; with the former it is as its genesis. The one is the transfiguration of the seen and temporal, the other its illumination with

The light that never was on sea or land.

But, in the light of present-day knowledge, such distinctions, in poetry at least, are becoming fainter. To use the familiar illustration of Wordsworth, the "primrose by the river's brim," when viewed by modern priest and prophet, has to them a meaning, an interpretation, far removed from its aspect in the eye of the rustic. By them it is viewed in its manifold significance, and its relations are apparently independent of its individual seeming. The man again to whom it is nothing more than a yellow primrose is not in touch with any of its ultimate aspects. Such a harvest of the quiet eve is garnered unknown to him. The petals of the flower, to natural priest and prophet alike, are lost in a haze which is impenetrable because of its infinity. Yet their view-points are themselves as disparate as natural and spiritual can be. But as no poet, however sustained the highest note of his song may be, can prolong it endlessly, it comes to pass, in the end, that these provinces merge respectively into the

say the mental and the material, as- | that we venture to select a representapects - the latter in the newer sense of that term.

Poetry - true poetry - has no cause nowadays to dread, as formerly, the cold dissection of materialism. Modern science "decomposes re-compose." Its domain is now enchanted ground, which knows no limits. Its concepts, such as those of continuity, the conservation of energy, the perduration of matter, hint of infinite depths hitherto undreamt of. There is room in nature for a twofold infinity of aspect; the one apparent to the mystical sense, as emblematic of depth on depth of spiritual verity-the other vouchsafed to the vision of him who realizes that the meanest flower can give, not only the thoughts that lie too deep for tears, but the assurance of its own identity with the essence of the boundless universe. Truly, the day of the petty and the "mean" is well-nigh over. Such an idea is now that of the uninformed alone. If spiritual insight may discern new heavens, may even trace amid the "bewildering glitter of the starry sky" the outlines of the gates of gold, a new earth, "instinct throughout with the most shining life," is unmistakably our portion.

If we can so far divest ourselves of the mistaken conception of a prophet as one who necessarily "predicts," and substitute interpretation as his characteristic task, we may be so far able to realize how the spiritual school of poetry, with its lineage of priests, has its true complement in a prophetical school, deriving its authority from no transmitted consecration, but content to reveal and interpret the natural in its deeper, and hitherto neglected, aspects. Only, as the research of the latter has come to know its supreme birthright of later years, we may naturally expect to find its representatives few in number, and little more than voices crying in the wilderness. It is with a sincere conviction that what may be broadly termed the interpretative, as distinguished from the companion school of symbolical, poetry has, nevertheless, its place and its mission, Hughes, F.L.S. London: Bickers.

tive writer of the former school for introduction - it may be for the first time - to our readers. In offering the following selections 1 from the répertoire of a writer comparatively unknown, a word of preface may be desirable. These poems were among the literary first-fruits of a very brief life; they were written at college, more by way of recreation than as a serious task, and, it may be added, as the circumstance might repel the unthinking -that their author was a woman!

What the mental bent of Constance Caroline Woodhill Naden was, may be gathered from the tenor of her little poem, entitled "Six Years Old," doubtless a genuine reminiscence,2 and showing a marked preference for the interpretative method. It is the childish story of a child brought up without playmates. The scene of her monologue is the garden.

Papa's out all day in the City, And I'm often in bed when he comes ; He's so tired and so grave - what a pity! When will he have finished his sums?

I wish there were more of us, only It's nice to play just what I please; And when I am mopish and lonely I always can talk to the trees.

Mamma says, "Sweet flowers will not But trees are companions for life;"

I wish that great lime-tree could marry, With me for his dear little wife!-Sometimes, when I shoot at the sparrows

(I don't want to hit them, they know). I peel his small twigs for my arrows, And bend a strong branch for my bow.

If he died, oh, how much I should miss

(It's only his dry sticks I peel); I put my arms round him, and kiss him. And sometimes I think he can feel.

1 With the view of facilitating popular reference the subsequent selections have been made from the recently issued volume, "Selections from the Philosophical and Poetical Works of Constance C. W. Naden." Compiled by Emily and Edith Hughes, with an Introduction by G. M. McCrie, London: Bickers, 1893.

² Cf. Constance Naden, A Memoir, By W. R.

Those beautiful green caterpillars
Live here, that nurse cannot endure;
And the birds—cruel butterfly killers!
But they don't know it's wrong, I am sure.

I make tales about flying and creeping,
About branches, and berries, and flowers;
And at night, when I ought to be sleeping,
I wake and lie thinking for hours.

I keep quiet, that nurse may not scold me, And think, while the stars twinkle bright,

Of the tales that Aunt Mary has told me, And wonder — who comes here at night?

I fancy the fairies make merry,
With thorns for their knives and their
forks;

They have currants for bottles of sherry, And the little brown heads are the corks.

A leaf makes the tent they sit under, Their ballroom's a white lily-cup; Shall I know all about them, I wonder, For certain when I am grown up?

This last highly characteristic query is not so easily answered. But the spirit which prompts it is unmistakable, an early craving for the rationale of the unsubstantial. From this to her translation of "Ideals" from Schiller is not a long step,—

As once, with ardent supplication
Pygmalion clasped the sculptured form,
Until the pale, cold cheeks of marble
Flushed with emotion, bright and warm;
So I, aflame with youthful passion,
Dead Nature to my bosom pressed,
Till she to breathe, to glow, to tremble
Began upon my poet-breast;

Till, kindling to my fiery impulse,
At last the Dumb her silence broke,
With answering love returned my kisses
And understood my heart that spoke;
The tree, the flower, for me had voices,
For me the silver fount could sing;
I felt my life's re-echoing music
Give soul to every senseless thing.

According to her, nature was to be personally interrogated, and to afford an explicit answer. This is the very opposite pole from that mysticism which avows its desire to escape from the sign to the thing signified. It betrays a longing to exhaust the natural province until it reveals, underneath itself, the eternal truth.

Perhaps the idea may be hard to seize. Let there be no misunderstanding on this point. No one believed less than Miss Naden as her later philosophic essays plainly show,1 in any assumption that underneath the apparent of nature there lurks an "unknowable substratum." In "unknowables" she had no faith, notwithstanding her admiration for the genius of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Her ultimate ideal was one moulded by the newer physical concepts of her day, the profoundest speculations of modern science, in the light of which nothing is separate, or isolated, though it may very well be distinguishable in thought; but everything runs, as it were, into a series which knows no limits save those of existence. As has been well said. "she had a mind dominated with an idea of the essential unity of nature, and of man's intimate relationship to all the members of the animate and inanimate worlds." But she went further than this. The Cosmos, alike of philosophy and science, was, with her, a vast interrelated whole, in which no tremor or vibration, however inconsiderable in itself, and whatever its essential nature, could fail of its eternal effect. Whatever takes place now has its infinite consequences; can never be obliterated or forgotten, and upon this foundation, and in her prose writings more especially, she reared a fabric of moral responsibility, and faced the everlasting issues of human thought and action. It implied, this view-point, the conclusion that continuity in nature was throughout unbroken, and musings upon this and cognate themes at length evoked that magnificent outburst of her genius, "The Pantheist's Dream of Immortality," the most widely known, perhaps, of her poems. The only possible amendment to be suggested in respect of it is that perhaps the title is at fault, seeing that from beginning to end there is nothing of Pantheism in it. It was published in 1881, in her first vol-

¹ Induction and Deduction, and Other Essays. Further reliques of Constance Naden. Edited by C. M. McCrie. London: Bickers.

ume of poems, "Songs and Sonnets of | See yon broad current, hasting to the Springtime," when she was only in her twenty-third year. It treats of life and death and the hereafter; and, if for that reason alone, its burden cannot be here discussed; but this at least may be affirmed, that, for exquisitely modulated rhythm, and wealth of fitful haunting cadences, it is not excelled by any poem of similar length in modern literature. In mood, it is interpretative throughout : -

Bring snow-white lilies, pallid heart-flushed

Enwreathe her brow with heavy-scented flowers:

In soft undreaming sleep her head reposes, While, unregretted, pass the sunlit hours.

Few sorrows did she know-and all are over;

A thousand joys - but they are all forgot:

Her life was one fair dream of friend and lover :

And were they false? - ah, well, she knows it not.

Look in her face, and lose thy dread of dying;

Weep not, that rest will come, that toil will cease:

Is it not well to lie as she is lying, In utter silence, and in perfect peace?

Canst thou repine, that sentient days are numbered?

Death is unconscious Life, that waits for birth:

So didst thou live, while yet thine embryo slumbered,

Senseless, unbreathing, e'en as heaven and earth.

Then shrink no more from Death, though Life be gladness,

Nor seek him, restless in thy lonely pain; The law of joy ordains each hour of sad-

And, firm or frail, thou canst not live in

What though thy name by no sad lips be

And no fond heart shall keep thy memory green?

Thou yet shalt leave thine own enduring

For earth is not as though thou ne'er hadst been.

ocean.

Its ripples glorious in the western red: Each wavelet passes, trackless; yet its motion

Has changed forevermore the river-bed.

Ah, wherefore weep, although the form and fashion

Of what thou seemest, fades like sunset flame?

The uncreated Source of toil and passion, Through everlasting change abides the same.

Yes, thou shalt die; but these almighty forces.

That meet to form thee, live forevermore:

They hold the suns in their eternal courses. And shape the tiny sand-grains on the shore.

Be calmly glad, thine own true kindred seeing

In fire and storm, in flowers with dew impearled;

Rejoice in thine imperishable being, One with the Essence of the boundless

world.

The charge of heterodoxy, which a poem so evidently personal in sentiment as the above is likely to evoke, was not one calculated, at any time, to disturb its author. It would only elicit from her the pertinent query, What, then, is orthodoxy? with the accompanying poem by way of retort - "The New Orthodoxy" - supposed to be written in an age when those who are now considered as "advanced" writers have settled down as recognized and standard authorities in matters of "faith and manners." The verses are exquisitely humorous.

So, dear Fred, you're not content Though I quote the books you lent, And I've kept that spray you sent Of the milk-white heather; For you fear I'm too "advanced" To remember all that chanced In the old days when we danced, Walked, and rode together.

Trust me, Fred, beneath the curls Of the most "advanced" of girls, Many a foolish fancy whirls, Bidding fact defiance,

And the simplest village maid Needs not to be much afraid Of her sister, sage and staid, Bachelor of Science.

Ah, while yet our hope was new, Guardians thought 'twould never do That Sir Frederick's heir should woo Little Amy Merton: So the budding joy they snatched From our hearts, so meetly matched, You to Oxford they despatched, Me they sent to Girton.

Were the vows all writ in dust?
No, — you're one-and-twenty — just —
And you write, "We will, we must
Now, at once, be married!"
Nay, you plan the wedding-trip!
Softly, sir! there's many a slip
Ere the goblet to the lip
Finally is carried.

Oh, the wicked tales I hear!
Not that you at Ruskin jeer,
Nor that at Carlyle you sneer,
With his growls dyspeptic:
But that, having read in vain
Huxley, Tyndall, Clifford, Bain,
All the scientific train—
You're a hardened sceptic!

Things with fin, and claw, and hoof, Join to give us perfect proof
That our being's warp and woof
We from near and far win;
Yet your flippant doubts you vaunt,
And—to please a maiden aunt—
You've been heard to say you can't
Pin your faith to Darwin!

Then you jest, because Laplace Said this earth was nought but gas Till the vast rotating mass
Denser grew and denser;
Something worse they whisper too,
But I'm sure it can't be true—
For they tell me, Fred, that you
Scoff at Herbert Spencer!

Write, or telegraph — or call!
Come yourself and tell me all:
No fond hope shall me enthrall,
No regret shall sway me:
Yet, — until the worst is said,
Till I know your faith is dead,
I remain, dear, doubting Fred,
Your believing

AMY

He must be a grim theologian who does not smile at this mimic attack

with his own weapons. That there was a present day difficulty, in the way of gravely expounding the new orthodoxy in a poetical form, Miss Naden's keen sense of humor was not slow to perceive - a difficulty mainly born of the traditions of the symbolical school of poetry. For who could be expected to retain even his own gravity - to say nothing of that of his audience - while rehearing in dactyls the theorems of Darwin, or while seeking to win converts to Spencerianism by means of spondaic measures? No one, upon the face of it, was poetically sufficient for such an attempt. To try to do so, and, in sober earnest, to announce the intention :-

At this I'll aim, for this I'll toil, And this I'll reach—I will, by Boyle, By Avogadro, and by Davy!—

would only be to have one's poetic refrain drowned in inextinguishable laughter. But what the graver mood of verse could not attempt, might not a light and semi-satirical touch convey? Such a vein repels ridicule by its own underlying current of satire. The task is one which only consummate art might attempt without blundering. The following imprompts hits the right note, however:—

SOLOMON REDIVIVUS.
What am I? Ah, you know it.
I am the modern sage,
Seer, savant, merchant, poet —
I am, in brief, the Age.

Look not upon my glory
Of gold and sandal-wood,
But sit and hear a story
From Darwin and from Buddh.

Count not my Indian treasures, All wrought in curious shapes, My labors and my pleasures, My peacocks and my apes;

For when you ask me riddles, And when I answer each, Until my fifes and fiddles Burst in and drown our speech,

Oh, then your soul astonished Must surely faint and fail, Unless by me admonished, You hear our wondrous tale. We were a soft Amœba
In ages past and gone,
Ere you were Queen of Sheba
And I King Solomon.

Unorganed, undivided,
We lived in happy sloth,
And all that you did I did—
One dinner nourished both:

Till you incurred the odium
Of fission and divorce—
A severed pseudopodium
You strayed your lonely course.

When next we met together, Our cycles to fulfil, Each was a bag of leather With stomach and with gill.

But our Ascidian morals
Recalled that old mischance,
And we avoided quarrels
By separate maintenance.

Long ages passed — our wishes Were fetterless and free, For we were jolly fishes A-swimming in the sea.

We roamed by groves of coral,
We watched the youngsters play,
The memory and the moral
Had vanished quite away.

Next, each became a reptile
With fangs to sting and slay;
No wiser ever crept, I'll
Assert, deny who may.

But now, disdaining trammels, Of scale and limbless coil, Through every grade of mammals We passed with upward toil.

Till, anthropoid and wary
Appeared the parent ape,
And soon we grew less hairy
And soon began to drape.

So, from that soft Amœba, In ages past and gone, You've grown the Queen of Sheba, And I, King Solomon.

The following also strikes us as very excellent fooling: —

SCIENTIFIC WOOING.
I was a youth of studious mind,
Fair Science was my mistress kind,
And held me with attraction chemic;
No germs of Love attacked my heart,
Secured as by Pasteurian art
Against that fatal epidemic.

For when my daily task was o'er I dreamed of $\mathrm{H_2SO_4}$, While stealing through my slumbers placid Came Iodine, with violet fumes, And Sulphur, with its yellow blooms, And whiffs of Hydrochloric Acid.

My daily visions, thoughts, and schemes, With wildest hope illumed my dreams, The daring dreams of trustful twenty: I might accomplish my desire, And set the river Thames on fire If but Potassium were in plenty!

Alas! that yearnings so sublime
Should all be blasted in their prime
By hazel eyes and lips vermilion!
Ye gods! restore the halcyon days
While yet I walked in Wisdom's ways,
And knew not Mary Maud Trevylyan!

Yet nay! the sacrilegious prayer
Was not mine own, oh, fairest fair!
Thee, dear one, will I ever cherish;
Thy worshipped image shall remain
In the grey thought-cells of my brain
Until their form and function perish.

Away with books, away with cram
For Intermediate Exam.!
Away with every college duty!
Though once Agnostic to the core,
A virgin Saint I now adore
And swear belief in Love and Beauty.

Yet when I meet her tranquil gaze, I dare not plead, I dare not praise, Like other men with other lasses; She's never kind, she's never coy, She treats me simply as a boy, And asks me how I like my classes!

I covet not her golden dower— Yet surely Love's attractive power Directly as the mass must vary— But ah! inversely as the square Of distance! shall I ever dare To cross the gulf, and gain my Mary?

So chill she seems — and yet she might Welcome with radiant heat and light My courtship, if I once began it; For is not e'en the palest star That gleams so coldly from afar A sun to some revolving planet?

My Mary! be a solar sphere!
Envy no comet's mad career,
No arid, airless lunar crescent!
Oh, for a spectroscope to show
That in thy gentle eyes doth glow
Love's vapor, pure and incandescent!

Bright fancy! can I fail to please If, with similitudes like these,

I lure the maid to sweet communion? My suit, with Optics well begun, By magnetism shall be won

And closed at last in Chemic union!

At this I'll aim, for this I'll toil, And this I'll reach - I will, by Boyle, By Avogadro, and by Davy! When every science lends a trope To feed my love, to fire my hope, Her maiden pride must cry "Peccavi!"

I'll sing a deep Darwinian lay Of little birds with plumage gay

Who solved by courtship Life's enigma; I'll teach her how the wild flowers love, And why the trembling stamens move, And how the anthers kiss the stigma.

Or Mathematically true With rigorous Logic will I woo, And not a word I'll say at random; Till, urged by Syllogistic stress, She falter forth a tearful "Yes," A sweet "Quod erat demonstrandum!"

Such "Evolutional Erotics" remind us of the medicaments of our infancy, administered in "lucent sirups tinct with cinnamon." The medium is so exquisitely delicate that to decline it is impossible. Who could reject the interpretative method thus daintily disguised? Who could laugh at it, when you are invited to laugh with it? Verily, the armory of the new orthodoxy has one weapon which the older fashion knew not of - that of humor !

Not to weary the reader with a sameness in quotation, here is an auto-idealistic touch, deftly interwoven with the materialistic.

THE EYE.

(From the German of Emil Ritterhaus.) The human soul -a world in little; The world - a greater human soul; The eye of man - a radiant mirror, That clear and true reflects the whole.

And, as in every eye thou meetest The mirrored image is thine own, Each mortal sees his soul reflected, In all the world himself alone!

And lastly, to end our difficult task of selection, we have the statuesque

echo as the rattle of the clods upon the coffin-lid.

FRIENDSHIP.

The human soul that crieth at thy gates, Of man or woman, alien or akin, 'Tis thine own Self that for admission waits -

Rise, let it in.

Bid not thy guest but sojourn and depart, Keep him, if so it may be, till the end, If thou have strength and purity of heart To be his friend.

Not only, at bright morn, to wake his mind With noble thoughts, and send him forth with song.

Nor only, when night falls, his wounds to bind:

But all day long

To help with love, with labor, and with

To triumph when by others' aid he wins, To carry all his sorrows, and yet more -To bear his sins;

To keep a second conscience in thine own, Which suffers wound on wound, yet strongly lives.

Which takes no bribe of tender look or tone,

And yet forgives.

But should some mortal vileness blast with

Thy love for comrade, leader, kinsman, wife, -

Seek no elixir to restore false breath And loathsome life.

Thy love is slain, - thou canst not make it whole

With all thy store of wine, and oil, and bread:

Some passions are but flesh - thine had a

And that is dead.

Yet, despite this minor chord, immortality prevails - the all is deathless. That is the burden of this prophetic singer. Nothing - not even the record of the most casual action - is "writ in water;" oblivion is not, there is no forgetting. And, in the last recess of subtle thought, birth and death have no place in nature, which is a plenum of that which is. Truly the repose of the following, the concluding content of nature has thus an interprelines of which are as mournful in their tation strangely akin to its mystical and

spiritual aspect, if not actually one and symbols are essentially and characterthe same with it. | istically evanescent. When that which

It was a favorite thought of Miss Naden that the true thinker only really lives in his accomplished ideal. She declined, indeed, to be led into the assumption that the golden age of humanity was anything more than a possibility, but it was a possibility which always fascinated her - "the rigid and weightless lever" - these are her own words - "is a fiction; the ideal man is a fiction; but both are fictions which have a practical bearing on reality. Only while the physicist's lever can never become a reality, the moralist's man may yet tread the earth in flesh and blood; ethically adult, having outgrown that sense of self-control and self-compulsion, which is so often painful to the best of us; no more conscious of the demands of duty than he is conscious of the beatings of his own Here philosophy and poetry meet and clasp hands; for the picture drawn by Mr. Spencer cannot be distinguished from that drawn by Wordsworth in his "Ode to Duty: "-

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet find that other strength, according to
their need.¹

In this way she antedated, conceptually, an unification more profound than any so-called "reconciliation" of the spiritual and the material. In the last recess of her thought—that in which our imperishable being is "one with the essence of the boundless world"—the interpretative and symbolic schools of poetic divination reach the self-same goal without any sacrifice of their distinctive traits. Types and

symbols are essentially and characteristically evanescent. When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away—the age of prefigurement past, the era of reality is begun. But when scientifically and philosophically the all-shattering conclusion is reached that mutability itself is only a concept—a fictional concept in the end, superimposed upon a foundation of permanence, there remains a common meeting-place for the symbolical and interpretative methods:—

The one remains; the many change and pass.

But this "passing" is only a passing into inwardness; as Hegel says, "a passing away into its own self—only the passing away passes away." And the many is but the one.

The comparatively modern development of the interpretative mood tends to render its poetic expression fragmentary. The symbolic school has ever been full of the past; rich in tradition, rejoicing in the splendor of its diction, in its capacities for infinite tenderness. The interpretative poet sounds a different chord, faint and broken it may be as yet—still the true note is there, tremulous as half-awakened bird-voices heralding the dawn, yet in full unison with that first pæan of the morning stars!

Something akin to second-sight is the prerogative of the singer of whom we have spoken. She speaks the language, not of the present, but of the coming day—the day of her realized ideal, the noontide of her prophetic fulfilment. In the alembic of her vision, soul is the dower of every senseless thing. The lines of "Comus" hit the mood of that clairvoyance which

Begins to cast a beam on th' outward shape,

And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,

Till all be made immortal.

¹ Induction and Deduction, and other Essays. By Constance Naden. Evolutionary Ethics. London: Bickers.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

III.

THE SUCCESSORS.

IT was evidently impossible that such a combination of luck and genius as the historical novel, when at last it appeared from Scott's hands, should lack immediate and unlimited imitation. As has been said, some considerable number of years passed before the greatest of Sir Walter's successors, the only successor who can be said to have made distinct additions to the style, turned his attention to novelwriting. But as the popularity of Scott, not only in his own country but elsewhere, was instantaneous, so was the following of him. The earliest and nearly the most remarkable imitation of all was, as was fitting, in the English language, though it was not the work of an Englishman, and was destined to be followed by a series of strictly American novels on the Scotch plan. James Fenimore Cooper had begun writing novels as early as 1819, the year of "Ivanhoe;" but his first essay, "Precaution," was in the older style. "The Spy," however, which appeared in 1821, was a real historical novel, distinctly in Scott's manner, and I am inclined to think that Cooper never wrote anything better. Not a few others of his best books, including "The Last of the Mohicans" itself, take rank in the kind, "Lionel Lincoln" being perhaps also worthy of special remembrance. In his own country Cooper is sometimes thought, and oftener called, the equal, though even there he is acknowledged to be the follower of Scott. This will hardly be accepted by other than parochial judgments. His plots are even less artistic than Scott's own, while distinct as his Indians, his sailors, and his Yankees are they have not the superior humanity, - the Shakespearianism, to use the word once more, - of Scott. But he was a novelist of very great power, and he ranks absolutely first in time, and not far from second in ability, among the most successful pupils of his master.

But it was by no means only among English-writing novelists that the contagion spread. The peace after Waterloo assisted this popularity in the odd way in which political and historical coincidences often do influence the fortunes of literature; and almost the whole of Europe began not merely to read Scott, not merely to translate him, but to write in his style. It may even be doubted whether the subsequent or simultaneous vogue abroad of his poetical supplanter, Byron, did not assist the popularity of his novels; for different as the two men and the two styles intrinsically are, they have no small superficial resemblance of appeal. In France the royalism and the romanticism of the Restoration fastened with equal eagerness on the style, and Victor Hugo was only the greatest, if the most immature, of scores of writers who hastened to produce the historical, especially the chivalrous and mediæval, romance. Germany did likewise, and set on foot as well a trade of "Scotch novels made in Germany," of which I believe the famous "Walladmor" (to which Scott himself refers, and the history of which De Quincey has told at characteristic length), was by no means the only example. "Walladmor" itself appeared in 1823. G. P. R. James's "Richelieu," the first English example of considerable note by an author who gave his name, came in 1825; while Hugo had begun writing novels (obviously on Scott's suggestion, however little they might be like Scott) with "Han d'Islande" in the same year as "Walladmor," and Germany, though clinging still to her famous and to some extent indigenous romance of fantasy, produced numerous early imitators of Scott of a less piratical character than the Leipsic forgery. Italy with Manzoni and "I Promessi Sposi" in 1827 was a little, but only a little later; so that long before the darkness came on him, and to some extent before even his worldly fortunes were eclipsed, Scott could already see, as no author before him or since has ever seen, the whole of Europe not merely taking its refresh-

ment under the boughs of the tree he | had planted, but nursing seeds and shoots of it in foreign ground. In comparison with this the greatest literary dictatorships of the past were mere titular royalties. Voltaire, whose influence came nearest to it in intensity and diffusion, was merely the cleverest, most versatile, and most piquant writer of an age whose writers were generally of the second class. He had invented no kind, for even the satirical fantasytale was but borrowed from Hamilton and others. As a provider of patterns and models he was inferior both to Montesquieu and to Rousseau. But Scott enjoyed in this respect such a royalty in both senses, the sense of pre-eminence and the sense of patent rights, as had never been known before. When he rescued the beginning of "Waverley" from among the fishing-tackle in the old cabinet, no one knew how to write a historical novel. because no one had in the proper sense written such a thing, though many had tried. In a few years the whole of Europe was greedily reading historical novels, and a very considerable part of the literary population of Europe was busily writing them. Indeed Scott was still in possession of all his faculties when there appeared a book of far greater merit than anything before Dumas, except Cooper's work. I do not mean "Notre Dame de Paris," for though this is historical after a kind, the history is the least part of it, and Hugo with all his Titanic power never succeeded in writing a good novel of any sort. The book to which I refer, and which appeared in 1829 a good deal before "Notre Dame de Paris," is Mérimée's "Chronique de Charles IX." This book has been very variously judged, and Mérimée's most recent and best critical biographer, M. Augustin Filon, does not, I think, put it quite as high as I do. It has of course obvious faults. Mérimée, who had already followed Scott in "La Jacquerie," though for some reason or other he chose in

to some excess of the critical or to some flaw of the creative part in him) of taking a style, doing something that was almost or quite a masterpiece in it, and then dropping it altogether. He did so in this instance, and the "Chronique" had no successor from his hand. But it showed the way to all Frenchmen who followed, including Dumas himself, the way of transporting the Scottish pattern into France, and blending with it the attractions

necessary to acclimatize it.

It cannot however be denied that in this immense and unprecedented dissemination the old proverb of the fiddle and the rosin was plentifully illustrated and justified. It was only Scott's goodnature which led him to concede that his English imitators might perhaps "do it with a better grace;" while there is no doubt at all that he was far within the mark in saying that he himself "did it more natural." The curses which have been already mentioned, and others, rested on the best of them; even upon James, even upon Ainsworth, even upon Bulwer. I used to be as fond of "Henry Masterton" and "Old St. Paul's," and those about them, as every decently constructed boy ought to be; and I can read a good many of the works of both authors now with a great deal of resignation and with a very hearty preference as compared with most novels of the present day. I am afraid I cannot say quite so much of the first Lord Lytton, who never seems to me to have found his proper sphere in novel-writing till just before his death. But still no competent critic, I suppose, would deny that "The Last Days of Pompeii" is one of the very best attempts to do what has never yet been thoroughly done, or that "Harold" and "The Last of the Barons" are very fine chronicle novels. So too I remember reading "Brambletye House" itself with a great deal of pleasure not so very many years ago. But in the handling of all of these, and of their immediate contemporaries and that case to give a quasi-dramatic form successors before the middle of the to the work, had all his life the pecul- century, there is what Mr. William iarity (which may be set down either Morris's melancholy lover found in

rode unwitting to the Hill of Venus, "some lack, some coldness." One could forgive the two horsemen readily enough, as well as other tricks of James's, if he were not at once too conventional and too historical. To read "Mary of Burgundy," and before or after that exercise to read "Quentin Durward," so near to it in time and subject, is to move in two different worlds. In "Quentin Durward" you may pick holes enough if you choose, as even Bishop Heber, a contemporary, a friend, I think, of Scott, a good man, and a good man of letters, does in his Indian journal. It takes some uncommon liberties with historical accuracy, and it would not entirely escape as a novel from a charge of lèse-probabilité. But it is all perfectly alive and of a piece; the story, whether historical or fictitious, moves uniformly and takes the reader along with it; the characters (though I will give up Hayraddin to the sainted shade of the bishop) are real people who do real things and talk real words. When the excellent Mr. Senior, meaning to be complimentary, calls Louis and Charles "perfectly faithful copies," he uses a perfectly inadequate expression. He might as well call Moroni's tailor in the National Gallery, or Velasquez' Philip a perfectly faithful copy. They are no copies; they are re-creations, agreeing with all we know of what, for want of a better word, we call the originals, but endowed with independent life. But in "Mary of Burgundy," which is generally taken to be one of the best of its author's, as in all that author's books more or less, this wholeness and symmetry are too often wanting. The history, where it is history, is too often tediously lugged in; the fictitious characters lack at once power and keeping; and there is a fatal convention of language, manners, and general tone which is the greatest fault of all. Instead of the only less than Shakespearian universality of Scott's humanity which does equally for characters of the eleventh, the fifteenth, or the eigh-LIVING AGE. VOL. IV.

running over that list of his loves as he always human, James gives us a sort of paint-and-pasteboard substitute for flesh and blood which cannot be said to be definitely out of character with any particular time, simply because it never could have been vividly appropriate to any time at all. In fact such caricatures as "Barbazure" were more than justified by the historical-romantic novels of sixty years ago, which might have gone far, and indeed did go some way, to inspire a fear that the kind would become as much a nuisance, and would fall as far short of its own highest possibilities, as the romance of terror which had preceded it. James was by no means an ignorant man, or a man of little literary power. But he had not that gift of character which is the greatest of all the gifts of a novelist of whatever kind, and as a historical novelist he was not sufficiently saturated with the spirit of any period. Far less had he that extension of the historical faculty which enabled Scott, though he might make small blunders easy to be detected by any schoolmaster if not by any schoolboy, to grasp at once the spirit of almost any period of which he had read something, or of any person with whom he was in sympathy.

Harrison Ainsworth had I think more "fire in his belly" than James ever had; but he burned it out too soon, and unluckily for him he lived and wrote for a very long time after the flame had changed to smoke. people perhaps now know that most successful of Father Prout's serious or quasi-serious poems, the piece in which a moral is drawn from the misfortune of the bird in

> the current old Of the deep Garonne,

for the warning of the then youthful novelist. But it was certainly needed. I am glad to believe, and indeed partly to know that Ainsworth has not lost his hold of the younger generation to-day as some other novelists have. His latest books never, I think, came into any cheap form, and therefore are not likely teenth century, simply because it is to have come in many boys' way; but

London" and "Windsor Castle" are seen often enough in the hands of youth, which certainly they do not misbecome. Not many however, I should fancy, either now read or ever have read Ainsworth much when once out of their nonage. He has, as indeed I have said, more fire, more spirit than James. He either found out for himself, or took the hint early from Dumas, that abundant dialogue will make a story go more trippingly off than abundant description. But his chariots, though they move, drive heavily; he writes anything but good English; and his dialogue is uncommonly poor stuff for any eye or ear which is naturally, or by study has become attentive to "keeping." It may, I think, be laid down without much rashness that, though the attractions which will suffice to lure a reader through one reading, and in some cases even enable him to enjoy or endure a second, are very numerous and various, there must almost always be either style or character to make him return again and again to any novel. Now Ainsworth certainly had neither of these in any considerable degree; he had not nearly so much of either as Most of the schoolboys who read him could with a little practice write as well as he does; and though his puppets box it about in a sufficiently businesslike manner, they are puppets of the most candid and unmistakable kind. So far as I can remember, Crichton and Esclairmonde used to affect me with more interest than most of them; and I am by no means certain that this was not as much due to the lady's name as to any-Generally speaking, one thing else. does not, even as a boy, feel them to be alive at all when the story is ended. They have rattled their mimic quarterstaves bravely and gone back to their box. After a time the novelist lost the faculty even of making them rattle their quarterstaves; and then the wreck was indeed total.

provided England with historical novels and the dramatic faculties are after all

sixpenny editions of "The Tower of | during the second quarter of the century, had of course far more purely literary talent than either James or Ainsworth. I have never been able to rate Bulwer so highly as many people have done; but no one can possibly deny him a literary talent not often surpassed in volume, in variety, or in certain kinds of vigor. Why he never did anything better in any one kind than he at least seems to me to have done is a question over which I have often puzzled myself. Perhaps it was lack of critical faculty; it was certainly, to say the least, unfortunate for a man in the spring of his literary career to try to laugh down Mr. Alfred Tennyson, and in the winter thereof to try the same operation upon Mr. William Morris. Perhaps it was the diffusion and dispersion of his aims and energies between politics, literature, and society, between prose, verse, and drama. Perhaps it was the unlucky sentimentality of thought, and the still more unlucky tawdriness of language which so long defrayed the exercises of satirists. At any rate, he never seems to me to have done anything great or small that can be called a masterpiece, except "The Haunted and the Haunters," which is all but perfect. Still he did many things surprisingly well, and I do not know that his historical novels were not among the best of them. That Lord Tennyson, who admired few things at all and fewer if any bad ones, should have admired "Harold" is almost decisive in its favor, though I own to liking "The Last of the Barons" better myself. "The Last Days of Pompeii" though it has a double share of the two faults mentioned above, is, as has been said, easily first in its class, or first except "Hypatia," of which more pres-No doubt the playwright's ently. faculty, which enabled Lord Lytton to write more than one of the few very good acting English plays of the century, stood him in stead here as it stood Dumas. Perhaps this very faculty prevented him, more than it prevented Dumas, from writing a su-The third member of the trio, who premely good novel. For the narrative

not the same thing, and the one is stance, yet I should class him only never a perfect substitute for the other.

No reasonable space would suffice for a detailed criticism, and a mere catalogue would be very unamusing, of the imitators of these men, or of Scott directly, who practised the historical novel from seventy to forty years ago with the sisters Jane and Anna Maria Porter at their head. The best of them (so far as I can remember) was an anonymous writer, whose name I think Emma Robinson, and whose three chief works were "Whitehall." "Whitefriars," and "Owen Tudor." These books held a station about midway between James and Ainsworth, and they seem to me to have been as superior to the latter in interest as they were to the former in bustle and movement. But I think there can be no doubt that the influence of Dumas, who had by their time written much, was great and direct on them. More than once have I attempted in my graver years to read again that well-loved friend of my boyhood, James Grant: but each time my discomfiture has been The excellent Chaplaingrievous. General Gleig was a James of less fertility and liveliness, indeed I fear he must be pronounced to have deserved the same description as Mr. Jingle's packing-cases. In some others, such as G. W. M. Reynolds, I confess that my study has been but little. But in such things of Reynolds as I have read, though it would be absurd to say that there is no ability, I never found it devoted to anything but a very inferior class of bookmaking.

Marryat, close as he came to the historical kind, seems to have felt an instinctive dislike or disqualification for it; and it will be noticed that his more purely historical scenes and passages - the account of the Mutiny at the Nore in "The King's Own" and that of the battle of Cape St. Vincent in "Peter Simple," and so forth - are as a rule episodes and scarcely even episodes. And though Lever wrought the historical part of his stories more the well-known flourish after it.

with the irregulars of the Historical Brigade. He is of course most like a regular in "Charles O'Malley." Yet even there one sees the difference. The true historical novelist, as has been pointed out more than once, employs the reader's presumed interest in historical scene and character as an instrument to make his own work attractive. Lever does nothing of the kind. His head was full of the stories he had heard at Brussels from the veterans of the Peninsula, of Waterloo, and even of the Grande Armée. But it was at least equally full (as he showed long after when he had got rid of the borrowed stories) of quaint inventions and shrewd observations of his own. And even as a historical novelist the original part got the better of Wellington and Stewart and him. Crawford are little more than names to us: they are not one-tenth part as real or one-hundredth part as interesting as Major Monsoon. Nor is it the actual fate of war at Ciudad Rodrigo, or on the Coa, that engrosses us so much as the pell-mell fighting, the feats of horsemanship, the devilled kidneys, and all the helter-skelter liberties with probability and chronology, and everything else which cram that wonderful and to some people never wearisome medley.

So too we need not trouble ourselves much with Dickens's efforts in the kind for a not dissimilar reason. "Barnaby/ Rudge" and "A Tale of Two Cities" work in a great deal of historical fact and some historical character, and both fact and character are studied with a good deal of care. But the historical characters are almost entirely unimportant; while the whole thing in each, case is pure Dickens in its faults as in its merits. We are never really in the Gordon Riots of 1780 or in the Terror of thirteen years later. We are in the author's No Man's Land of time and space where manners and ethics and language and everything else are marked with "Charles Dickens" and

closely and intimately into their sub- It was about the middle of the cen-

vogue which had sped the historical novel for more than a technical generation began to fail it, at least in England with which we are chiefly concerned. The Dumas furnaces were still working full blast abroad, and of course there was no actual cessation of production at home. But the public taste, either out of satiety or out of mere caprice, or tempted by attractive novelties, began to go in quite other directions. Charlotte Brontë had already begun, and George Eliot was about to begin styles of novels entirely different from the simple and rather conventional romance which writers, unable to keep at the level of Scott, had taken to turning out. The general run of Dickens's performance had been in a quite different direction. So was Thackeray's, which in its perfection was just beginning, though he was to produce not a little, and at least one unsurpassable thing, in the historic kind. Many minor kinds typified by work as different as "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Guy Livingstone," as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Warden," were springing up or to spring. And so the historical novel, though never exactly abandoned (for George Eliot herself and most of the writers already named or alluded to, as well as others like Whyte Melville, tried it now and then), dropped, so to speak, into the ruck, and for a good many years was rather despiteously spoken of by critics until the popularity of Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" came to give it a new

Yet in the first decade of this its disfavor, and while most writers' and readers' attention was devoted to other things, it could boast of the two best books that had been written in it since the death of Scott; one an imperishable masterpiece, the other a book which, popular as it has been, has never had its due yet, - "Esmond" and "Westward Ho!"

That when anybody is perpetually laughing at another body or at something, this facetiousness really means that the laugher is secretly enamoured Nor did anybody till Thackeray himself

tury, I think, or a little earlier, that the of the object of ridicule, is a great though not a universal truth which has been recognized and illustrated by authorities of the most diverse age and excellence from the author of "Much Ado About Nothing" downwards. It was well seen of Thackeray in the matter of the historical novel. He had been jesting at it for the best part of twenty years, - that is to say for the whole of his literary career. He had made free with it a thousand times in a hundred different ways, from light touches and gibes in his miscellaneous articles to the admirable set of burlesques, to the longer parodies, if parodies they can properly be called, of "Rebecca and Rowena" (one of his best things) and "The Legend of the Rhine," and on the biggest scale of all to that strange, unpleasant, masterly failure "Catherine." It is to be presumed, though it is not certain, that when he thus made fun of historical novels, he did not think he should live to be a historical novelist. Notwithstanding which, as every one knows, he lived to write not one, but two, and the beginning of a third. It is not necessary to say much here about "Denis Duval," or to attempt to decide between the opinions of those who say that it would have been the author's masterpiece, and of those who think that it could at best have stood to "The Virginians" as "The Virginians" stands to "Esmond." It is however worth noting that "Denis Duval" displays that extremely careful and methodical scaffolding and marshalling of historical materials which Thackeray himself had been almost the first to practise, and in which he has never been surpassed. Scott had set the example, not too well followed, of acquiring a pretty thorough familiarity with the history and no small one with the literature of the time of his story; and he had accidentally or purposely brought in a good deal of local and other knowledge. But he had not made the display of this latter by any means a rule, and he had sometimes notoriously neglected it.

localities, to acquire all manner of small details from guide-books and county histories and the like, to work in scraps of color and keeping from newspapers and novels and pamphlets. Dickens, it is true, had already done something of the kind in reference to his own style of fiction; but Dickens as has been said was only a historical novelist by accident, and he was at no time a bookish man. The new, or at least the improved practice was of course open to the same danger as that which wrecked the labors of the ingenious Mr. Strutt; and it was doubtless for this reason that Scott in the prefatory discussion to "The Betrothed" made "the Preses" sit upon the expostulations of Dr. Dryasdust and his desire that "Lhuyd had been consulted." Too great attention to veracity and propriety of detail is very apt to stifle the story by overlaying it. Still the practice when in strong and cunning hands no doubt adds much to the attraction of the novel; and it is scarcely necessary to say more than that all the better historical novelists for the last forty years have followed Thackeray, and that Thackeray himself by no means improbably took a hint from Macaulay's practice in history itself.

Another innovation of Thackeray's or at least an alteration so great as almost to be an invention, was that adjustment of the whole narrative and style to the period of the story of which "Esmond" is the capital and hitherto unapproached example. Scott, as we have seen, had, by force, rather of creative genius than of elaborate study, devised a narrative style which, with very slight alterations in the dialogue, would do for any age. But he had not tried much to model the vehicle of any particular story strictly on the language and temper of that story's time. Dumas had followed him with a still greater tendency to general modernization. Scott's English followers had Thackeray in "Esmond" did really in it with safety to the bold adventurer.

make it a point of honor to search the | clothe the thought of the nineteenth century (for the thought is after all of the nineteenth century) in the language of the eighteenth with such success as had never been seen before. and such as I doubt will never be seen again. It must be admitted that the result, though generally, is not universally approved. It has been urged by persons whose opinions are not to be lightly discredited, that the book is after all something of a tour de force. that there is an irksome constraint and an unnatural air about it, and that effective as a falsetto may be it never can be so really satisfactory as a native note. We need not argue this out. It is perhaps best, though there be a little confession and avoidance in the evasion, to adopt or extend the old joke of Condé or Charles the Second, and wish heartily that those who find fault with "Esmond" as falsetto would, in falsetto or out of it, give us anything one twentieth part as good.

For the merits of that wonderful book, though they may be set off and picked out by its manner and style, are in the main independent thereof. The incomparable character of Beatrix Esmond, the one complete woman of English prose fiction, would more than suffice to make any book a masterpiece. And it would not be difficult to show that the historical novel no less than the novel generally may claim her. But the points of the book which, if not historical in the sense of having actually happened, are historicfictitious, - the entry of Thomas Lord Castlewood and his injured viscountess on their ancestral home, the duel of Frank Esmond and Mohun, the presentation of the Gazette by General Webb to his commander-in-chief at point of sword, and the immortal scene in the turret chamber with James the Third, - are all of the very finest stamp possible, as good as the best of Scott and better than the best of Dumas. In a certain way "Esmond" is the crown and flower of the historical very rarely escaped the bastard and novel; "the flaming limits of the intolerable jargon of the stage. But world" of fiction have been reached

further to him or to any other.

One scene in the unequal and, I think, rather unfairly abused sequel the scene where Harry fails to recognize Beatrix's youthful portrait - is the equal of any in "Esmond," but this is not of the strictly or specially historical kind. And indeed the whole of "The Virginians," though there is plenty of local color and no lack of historical personages, is distinctly less historical than its forerunner. It is true that both time and event so far as history goes, are much less interesting; and I have never been able to help thinking that the author was, consciously or unconsciously, hampered by a desire to please both Englishmen and Americans. But whatever the case may be, it is certain that the historical element is far less strong in "The Virginians" than in "Esmond," and that such interest as it has is the interest of the domestic novel, the novel of manners, the novel of character, rather than of the novel of history. "Esmond" was published in 1852. Before the next twelve months were out "Hypatia" appeared, and it was followed within two years more by "Westward Ho!" In one respect, and perhaps in more than one, these two brilliant books could not challenge comparison with even weaker work of Thackeray's than " Esmond." Neither in knowledge of human nature, nor in power of projecting the results of that knowledge in the creation of character, and in the adjustment to sequence of the minor and major events of life, was Kingsley the equal of his great contemporary. But as has been sufficiently pointed out, the most consummate command of character in its interior working is not necessary to the historical novelist. And in the gifts which are necessary to that novelist, Kingsley was very strong indeed, - not least so in that gift of adapting the novel of the past to the form and pressure of the present, which if not a necessary, and indeed

sometimes rather a treacherous and

but with an impossibility of progress | an advantage in its way. He availed himself of this last to an unwise extent, perhaps, in drawing the Raphael of "Hypatia," just as in "Westward Ho!" he gave vent to some of the anti-papal feelings of his day to an extent sufficient to make him in more recent days furiously unpopular with Roman Catholic critics who have not always honestly avowed the secret of their depreciation. But the solid as well as original merits of these two books are such as cannot possibly be denied by any fair criticism which takes them as novels and not as something The flame which had not yet else. cleared itself of smoke in the earlier efforts of "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," which was to flicker and alternate bright with dimmer intervals in "Two Years Ago" and "Hereward the Wake," blazed with astonishing brilliancy in both. I think I have read "Westward Ho!" the oftener; but I hardly know which I like the better. No doubt if Kingsley has escaped the curious curse which seems to rest on the classical historical novel. he has done it by something not unlike one of those tricks whereby Our Lady and the saints outwit Satan in legend. Not only is there much more of the thought and sentiment of the middle of the nineteenth century than of the beginning of the fifth, but the very antiquities and local color of the time itself are a good deal advanced and made to receive much of the mediæval touch (which, as has been observed, is in possible keeping with the modern) rather than of that elder spirit from which we are so helplessly divided. But this is a perfectly legitimate stratagem, and the success of it is wonderful. If no figure (except perhaps the slightly sketched one of Pelagia) is of the first order for actual life, not one falls below the second, which, let it be observed, is a very high class for the creations of fiction. The action never fails or makes a fault; the dialogue, if a little mannered and literary now and then, is always crisp and full of pulse. But the splendid tableaux of which the questionable advantage, is undoubtedly book is full, tableaux artfully and even

learnedly composed but thoroughly out it all, from first to last, after a alive, are the great charm and the great merit of it as a historical novel. The voyage down the Nile; the night riots and the harrying of the Jews: the panorama (I know no other word for it, but the thing is one of the finest in tiction), of the defeat of Heraclian; the scene in the theatre at Alexandria; the murder of Hypatia and the vengeance of the Goths, - all of these are not only bad to beat, but in their own way, like all thoroughly good things, they cannot be beaten.

The attractions of "Westward Ho!" are less pictorial than those of its forerunner, which exceeds almost any novel that I know in this respect; but they are even more strictly historical and more closely connected with historical action. In minute accuracy Kingsley's strength did not lie; and here, though rather less than elsewhere, he laid himself open to the cavils of the enemy. But on the whole, if not in detail, he had acquired a more than competent knowledge of Elizabethan thought and sentiment, and had grasped the action and passion of the time with thorough and appreciative sympathy. He had, moreover, thoroughly imbued himself with the spirit of the regions over sea which he was to describe, and he had a mighty action or series of actions, real or feigned, for his theme. The result was again what may fairly be called a masterpiece. There is again perhaps only one character, Salvation Yeo, who is distinctly of the first class as a character, for Amyas is a little too typical, a little too much of the Happy Warrior who has one temptation and overcomes it; but the rest play their respective parts quite satisfactorily, and are surely as good as any reasonable person can desire. separate acts and scenes hurry the reader along in the most admirable fashion. From the day when Amyas finds the horn to the day when he flings away the sword, the chronicle goes on with step as light as it is steady, with interest as well main- of Dr. Holmes with lively curiosity,

fashion which cannot easily be matched elsewhere, Kingsley has contrived to create an atmosphere of chivalrous enthusiasm, a scheme of high action and passion, wonderfully contagious and intoxicating. The thing is not a mere boyish stimulant; its power stands the test of thirty years' reading; and the way in which it "nothing common does nor mean" deserves no phrase so well as the eroici furori of Bruno, who shared the friendship and caught the tone of the very society that Kingsley celebrates.

It may seem odd that after the appearance of three such books in little more than three years the style which they represented should have lost popularity. But such was the fact for reasons partly assigned already, and similar phenomena are by no means uncommon in literary history. For the best part of twenty years the historical novel was a little out of fashion. How it revived with Mr. Blackmore's masterpiece, and how it has since been taken up with ever-increasing zest, everybody knows. But the efforts of our present benefactors are in all cases unfinished and in some we may hope will long remain so. Those who make them are happily alive, and "stone dead hath no fellow" for critical purposes as for others.

So what success these efforts met The critic will not weigh, -as yet.

But the mere fact of their existence and of their flourishing makes it all the more interesting to survey the history of what is still among the youngest though it has been trying to be born ever since a time which would have made it quite the eldest - of the kinds of prose fiction.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From The Spectator. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WE shall await the autobiography tained as it is intense. And through- for we want to know if he ever was



unhappy. The note of his books, of effective stimulus to thought. As we his humor, his poetry, even his philosophy, was a sense of happiness so keen and vivid that it colored his every thought, made him tolerant in spite of himself-for he had deep convictions - and infected those who listened to his optimism with a share of his own content. Certainly few men in the long history of literature have had lives externally more fortunate. Though the son of a Congregational minister, he belonged to one of the "Brahmin families" - it is his own expression - of New Eugland, and derived from that fact through life a healthy pride; he was so educated that he remembered school and college into old age with loving pleasure; he chose the profession which exactly suited his temperament - it was that of a keen observer - he succeeded in that profession; and then at forty-eight, when everything begins to pall, and men doubt whether the world holds any more of delight, he awoke one day to find himself not simply famous, but an object of affection to all who speak our tongue. Perhaps no one of such lovingness ever had this delight in such full measure. Dr. Holmes is almost the only man in modern literature in whom the work and its author cannot be separated, and the personality, like the work, stirs an emotion of warm and lasting friendship. Dr. John Brown, in a more limited circle, stirred perhaps in an even deeper degree the same feeling, for to him was given the gift of pathos too deep for tears, which was not the portion of Dr. Holmes; but the latter moved men who had never heard anything of him but his name, and who yet, because of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," would have sacrificed something that he should go free of pain. The book went everywhere at once, and was everywhere received in the same way, as the work of an American Montaigne, a wisely humorous thinker who cheered men while he made them more reflective. There is not a page in it which does not charm the reader to laughter,

looked it up to-day to verify old impressions, a friend remarked that it was one of the few considerable books to be read lounging, to be taken up, that is, at a moment's notice and laid down on any interruption without loss, but it is not quite so, for the book draws, and we read on and on from reflection to reflection until an hour had passed. It seemed hard to lay down anything which so cheered and enlightened one, or left such an impression of that smile which is not Heine's, the smile of a benign personality who knew something of the great purpose, and knew that it was good. There is not a sardonic sentence in the book, and yet no one lays it down without the feeling that its author was a wise man who understood human nature thoroughly, and seeing all, tolerated all with a sense partly of pity, partly of a humorousness which has in it no touch of scorn. The book was felt, too, to be the expression of the man, and while those among whom he lived almost worshipped Dr. Holmes, the millions to whom he was a stranger felt for him a personal kindness. and read curt telegrams announcing his continued health as if he had been a close and well-loved relative. That is a singular relation in which to stand to two nations; and to Dr. Holmes, who was well aware of it, it must have been compensation for most of the crosses of life, if indeed he had any. Even opponents - and his theology bred them occasionally - never disliked him, and, as he says himself, the jealousies which affect most literary careers were in his case "very few." Who was to be jealous of one who obviously could feel no jealousy, and could allow for the opposition of the bitterest controversialist, as he allowed for, and recognized, that of "the young man John," who in "The Autocrat" flings on all philosophic reflections his douche of matter-of-fact yet humorous young sense. There was gentleness in all Dr. Holmes said and wrote, gentleness of a kind having its roots not in mere good and not one which does not act as an nature, but in his inner thought, the

thought, which while his intellect ful one, but it was not wholly at his of the influence of heredity, made him so certain that a benevolent being ruled the universe. The product of it all was the Universalist, the man who saw possibilities of good in all men, and who in "Elsie Venner" not only explained and pardoned Dick Venner, a particularly mean kind of South American bravo, a murderer - in intention at least - for gold, but made you also understand how such a being might seem, in the eyes of a higher wisdom, to be in part irresponsible for his crimes. And then, having enjoyed his fame for thirty-seven years, he died as most men would wish to die, sitting in his chair, chatting to his son, who, though he was looking at him, did not detect the moment of death. His light went out like an electric light, silently and instantly, and not like the light of a candle, with sputter and fume.

To understand Dr. Holmes thoroughly, you must read "Elsie Venner," for in it he let his theories loose much more freely than in any other of his writings, and poured out not thoughts, but hints of thoughts, upon far deeper and more perilous questions. The central idea of the book is disagreeable, but it is in no way offensive : and its impossibility is concealed with an art which in the novel " A Mortal Antipathy," also founded on a rare medical case, is wholly wanting. We do not suppose the book will live, for its speculations are those of a day, and no generation quite appreciates the humor of the one which preceded it; but no one who reads it will ever forget it, or quite get out of himself that new tolerance which its author intended to produce. "The Autocrat," which is almost too well known to criticise even if we had not so often analyzed its mixture of shrewdness, wit, and benignity, and which will live as Montaigne's "Essays" have lived, constitutes with "Elsie Venner," in our judgment, the whole of Dr. Holmes's

tended towards determinism, or at least own command, and in his remaining to a narrow limitation of free will works - "The Professor" perhaps exshown constantly in his exaggerations cepted, though even that is a little preachy - it is spread out much too The two novels which he thinly. wrote besides "Elsie Venner" are in comparison with that book unworthy of notice, and neither "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table " nor " The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" would have made the author's fame. There is humor in each, and in each some wisdom, but wisdom and humor are too thinly spread, and made fusty by lack of spontaneity. As for his poetry, what shall we say? Throughout life Dr. Holmes was a continual versifier, pouring out opportune little songs whenever occasion served, and they were so well framed, so full of mirth, so redolent of good feeling, that they warmed their audience into a glow mistaken for the deepest appreciation. Dr. Holmes, too, could be humorous in rhyme, and it chanced to him to tell a story in verse, " The One-Hoss Shay," which the English on two continents received with shouts of enjoying laughter, and which may maintain its place at "penny readings" deep into the next century. spite of his humor, of some command of rather rollicking melody, and of occasional felicity in turns of expression, Dr. Holmes was not a poet. His comic pieces rarely compare with Hood's, and his serious pieces are flat, lacking altogether in true poetic fire. "The Nautilus" - which Whittier said was "booked for immortality" - would, anywhere outside a meeting of conchologists, be pronounced strained and artificial; and except when commenting on the relation of childhood to old age, when the unity in diversity of a man's development struck the physician's side of his brain, and gave rise to humorously pathetic thought, he had in verse no mastery of pathos. He will not be remembered by his poetry, which was not the natural outflow of his genius, though, deceived by the praise of critics who could not bear to hurt the most lovable of mankind, he literary work. His gift was a delight-probably reckoned his songs amongst

his best productions. His strength was witty wisdom in prose, and in that he has had few rivals, and perhaps in our day and language only one superior, Sydney Smith, for Dr. John Brown, who is so constantly compared with him, was of another make and touched a deeper spring. Tender melancholy was the source of his tolerant humorousness, as a boyish happiness of heart was the source of Dr. Holmes's.

It has often been said that Dr. Holmes was not distinctively American, but that is, we think, a superficial criticism. The main lines of his thought, and especially that permanent sense of the muddle between the flesh and the spirit which no one ever perfectly disentangles, are distinctively American. We never met or read a New Englander who had not something of Dr. Holmes's mental attributes in him, or who had not somewhere in the back of his head a trace of his sympathetic tolerance and immovable optimism. The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, besides his perfectly marvellous insight into the good side of his countrymen - not the Americans, understand, but the born New Englanders - had in him, in a full degree, the power of expressing their drift, of revealing to themselves the line upon which their minds are travelling. It was this and his deep sympathy with that line which gave him his strong hold upon their affection, and induced them to place the whole of his work, as being all part of himself, and therefore of themselves, upon a plane to which only part of that work can justly be said to belong. That part, however, is admirable, and not the less so because it is, in its reflecting yet joyous optimism, distinctively American, differentiated alike from the sadness, as of people pitying themselves, which now pervades much of our English literature, and from the broad Shakespearian humor, traces of which still survive in, and sometimes vivify, the remainder.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE VOLCANOES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

IT is not the geologist alone who takes an interest in volcanoes. extraordinary power displayed in their operations, the tremendous and aweinspiring phenomena with which their eruptions are frequently accompanied, the devastation which their floods of red-hot lava and their deadly showers of ashes occasionally effect, all tend to awaken and to exercise the imaginative faculty in man. The ancients, with their love of personification, were content to represent them as the scene of some colossal struggle between antagonistic gods, or as the prison of some indignant deity; but the modern world looks at them differently, and if it could be done, would slice them into sections as a cook slices an onion, and so exhibit before our eyes layer by layer of their interior, showing their mode of growth and the constituents of which they are formed. Volcanoes are an attractive study, whether we view them as an active illustration of how the great part of the earth's crust was at one time laid down, or as a mere exhibition of natural magnificence and

Ten or eleven years ago Professor Judd published his able work on volcanoes, which work formed the most important treatise on the subject that had till then appeared. According to him, the three essential conditions on which the production of volcanic phenomena seemed to depend were, firstly, the existence of certain apertures or cracks communicating between the interior and the surface of the earth; secondly, the presence of matter in a highly heated condition beneath the surface; and thirdly, the existence of great quantities of water imprisoned in the subterranean regions - which water, escaping as steam, gives rise to all those active phenomena which we associate with the existence of volcanoes. It cannot be said that subsequent investigations into the subject have made any essential change necessary in this statement of the conditions upon which volcanic phenomena depend; but our knowledge of the detailed working of volcanoes has been largely added to, and by none more so than the veteran American scientist, Mr. James D. Dana, in his volume on the volcanoes of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands. At Kilauea, on the contrary, it is a history of the *inner workings* of the volcano; of the movements and changes that take place within the crater over the various parts of the great area where come into view the outlets of the subterranean lava column; and of these events as steps in the line of

These islands, it need hardly be said, form a small archipelago in the north Pacific, and are known as the Kingdom of Hawaii, from the name of the principal island of the group. They are still, however, familiarly remembered by the name of Sandwich Islands, the name given to them by Captain Cook after Lord Sandwich, who was at that time first lord of the Admiralty. The islands were said to have been first discovered in 1542, and to have been rediscovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and there, in the following year, he lost his life, perishing at the hands of the natives. The islands appear to be wholly volcanic in formation, and are still the seat of the largest and most active volcanoes in the world. The two highest mountains, both volcanic, are Mauna-Kea and Mauna-Loa, in the island of Hawaii, being respectively 13,805 and 13,675 feet in altitude. On the eastern slope of Mauna-Loa is the marvellous crater of Kilauea, the largest active volcano existing.

This crater differs from such as that of Vesuvius in having no enclosing cone, being what Mr. Dana calls a "pit crater," that is, a crater surrounded mostly by vertical walls, and these walls made of the nearly horizontal edges of stratified lava-streams. "The history of these volcanoes," says Mr. Dana, "is such as has been supplied by no other volcanic region. monly it is the eruption that draws attention to the volcano; and the course of the flow, the characteristics of the lava, and the devastations of the fiery stream and the earthquakes, make up nine-tenths of all the published facts.

¹ Characteristics of Volcanoes, with Contributions of Facts and Principles from the Hawaiian Islands, including a Historical Review of Hawaiian Volcanic Action for the past sixty-seven years, etc. By James D. Dana. London: Sampson Low.

tory of the inner workings of the volcano: of the movements and changes that take place within the crater over the various parts of the great area where come into view the outlets of the subterranean lava column; and of these events as steps in the line of progress from its emptied condition after a great eruption till ready again for an outbreak. In Vesuvius, the crater may be accessible for a time after a discharge; . . . but in general, long before the time of eruption, the vapors and cinder ejections make access to the bottom impossible. The crater of Ætna is far away from habitations, and it has therefore had no regular series of interior investigations. alone is always accessible."

It is difficult, without a diagram, to give the reader an idea of what the immense crater of Kilauea is like. Its length is fourteen thousand feet, or very nearly three miles, and the breadth somewhat less. The form of the crater internally is peculiar. If one were to dig a little hole in the ground, roughly oval in shape, say three yards by two, and a foot in depth, then into the middle of this hole sink a large flower pot till the rim was level with the bottom of the excavation - something like the shape of the crater of Kilauea would be obtained. When the crater is, so to speak, empty - that is, during the collapse that follows a great eruption - the height of the vertical exterior walls of the crater is something like six hundred feet. At this depth there is a more or less level platform, called the Black Ledge, all round the central pit, which pit is in its turn still from four to six hundred feet deeper. The great extent of the area covered by the crater, and the height of the surrounding walls above the bottom of it, afford excellent facilities for observation. Although the crater is so large, its level above the sea is not much over four thousand feet, or similar to that of Vesuvius. "Even when the crater is ready for an eruption, it is safe to stand on the brink of the great pit and watch the boiling caldrons and sweepless flowing cones. The action of the liquid lava is ordinarily so quiet and regular that all parts of the great open arena may be traversed with safety: and the margins of the fiery lakes, if the heat is not too great, may be made a sleeping-place for the night - with only this possibility, that the lavas may well up and spill over. This spilling over may be the sending away of a stream for a mile or two across the crater's bottom; but, standing a little to one side, it does no damage, and the next day the fresh lavas may be walked upon. Thus the crater may be followed in all its interior changes month after month. There is terrible sublimity in the quiet work of the mighty forces, and also something alluring in the free ticket offered to all comers."

For the details and history of the observations which have been made from time to time on this and other of the Hawaiian volcanoes, by scientific men, missionaries, and travellers, we must refer the reader to Mr. Dana's pages. The general course of the phenomena in the crater of Kilauea may, however, be stated. As already described, it has a pit within a pit - the lower pit when empty being about four hundred feet below the other. Eruptions on a large scale appear to have taken place about once in every eight or nine years. In the course of these eruptions immense volumes of lava are discharged, running for miles and miles across the island. Then comes the period of comparative quiescence, when the emptied crater begins once more to be filled. It would appear that the molten rock, heaved up from a great depth underground, gradually gathers in the lower pit of the crater, the bottom of which goes on rising till it reaches the level of the Black Ledge, when of course it has a tendency to spill over. This process takes some years. Then comes the time when, by the introduction perhaps of a stream of water after a rainy season into the clinging at the outside of the dish."

ing lava-floods, and violent but harm- underground sea of boiling rock, an eruption is brought about. The water reaches the molten rock through crevices and other openings in the earth, and when there, is immediately converted into vapor, which vapor expands, and by its expansive force causes great explosions, which explosions must of course find vent at the mouth of the crater, and so we have the mountain in a state of eruption fountains of lava spouting hundreds of feet in the air, and covering the district around with its scorize and ashes and lava beds.

At other times the accumulated lava in the neck of the crater finds outlet by a subterranean passage, and in this way the crater is equally emptied. In the year 1868, there occurred one of these outbreaks and "down-plunges." It was preceded by a succession of heavy earthquakes, culminating on Thursday the 2nd of April in a shock of terrific violence. With the occurrence of this great shock, fissures were opened from the south end of Kilauea south-westward for a distance of thirteen miles. Simultaneously with the violent shock, a decline began in the fires of Kilauea, and that very same night "the liquid lavas had disappeared from all the cones and were confined to the lakes; by Saturday night all the lakes were emptied except the Great Lake; finally, by Sunday night, the 5th, the Great Lake had lost its lavas, and all was darkness and quiet. Where the lava went to is unknown." A subsequent observer, referring to this strange phenomenon, thus vividly describes it: "Suddenly, one day, the greater part of the lava-floor sank down, or fell down, a depth of about five hundred feet, to the level where we now walked. The wonderful tale was plain to us as we examined the details on the spot. It was as though a top-heavy and dried-out pie-crust had fallen in at the middle, leaving a part of the circumference bent down, but

From The Spectator.

THE LITERARY ADVANTAGES OF WEAK HEALTH.

OF the numberless personal allusions which give life and dramatic charm to Plato's dialogues, few are prettier or more touching than that to the "bridle of Theages." It is introduced in one of the finest passages in Plato's writings, - the famous passage in the "Republic" in which Plato describes the position of philosophy in the world, and more particularly of philosophy fallen on evil days, the passage which ends with the well-known description of the philosopher standing aside from politics like one who, on a stormy day, takes shelter under a wall to let the tornado of dust and sleet drive by. "Few, very few, of the best minds," says Socrates, "study philosophy for its own sake. Their very abilities and virtues are a snare to them, and draw them off from the things of the mind to follow after this world. The worthy disciples of philosophy are but a small Here and there may be remnant. found some noble exile, some lofty soul born in a mean city. To these may be added some gifted spirits, who are not content with the arts, or perhaps some one who is restrained by that bridle which curbed the friend of my own youth, Theages. He was one who had everything ready to his hand to make him desert philosophy, but weak health and the necessity of valetudinarianism hindered him from embracing politics, and kept him true to his first love."

The "bridle of Theages" then, Socrates implies, was the spiritual salvation of its wearer, and not unbeneficial to the world, and though it may seem a paradox, it is a truth, and a truth which may afford consolation to some, that poor or weak health may sometimes, perhaps often, be a blessing in disguise. Certain it is that in the economy of the world it is to weak health that we owe some of the best and finest work, some of the most precious creations which the human race has There is a striking and partly true saying somewhere in an purpose." To his weak health, though author now too little read, Sir Arthur also to another "bridle," his great sor-

Helps, that professional success is the grave of genius. From that grave, weak health has delivered not a few. It has withdrawn them from the fierce competition of affairs, and diverted them into other and more original lines. Or, again, when these lines have been chosen, it has kept them single-minded and devoted, true, as Socrates said, to their first love. Distraction is the besetting danger of clever, and especially of successful clever men. Concentration, that first indication, as Goethe said, of the master mind is also the first condition of success, and weak health may bring just the needful concentration. One of the most truly memorable and influential lives of our century was lived under conditions of constant valetudinarianism. For forty years Mr. Darwin never enjoyed good health. Fortunate in many other circumstances of his life, we are not sure that he was not fortunate in this. He says very finely himself, in the concluding words of his autobiography, " Even ill-health, though it has annihilated several years of my life, has saved me from the distraction of society and amusement." Had he been a strong man, he would certainly hardly have spent those long quiet years of secluded observation and rumination at Down of which his writing bears the beautiful impress.

The life of another of the leaders of thought of our era - a leader very different from Darwin, the life of Dr. Pusey - was also spent under conditions of recurring illness and chronic bad health. "This renewed illness and weakness," he writes in a letter to Newman, "makes me at times think that God does not intend me to do anything actively on a large scale, such as a large theological work, for his Church." Yet in the event it was just this "bridle of Theages" that brought about the concentration of the scholar upon the work most vital and important to his impression of himself on his time. "From his illness," writes his biographer, Dr. Liddon, "dates a deepened earnestness of character and row, he owed that seclusion which tive life. It is very difficult often to formed so great a part of the strength, if also possibly of the defect, of his

A man of quite different cast and complexion from either of these two, but perhaps one of the most striking examples of what may be done under conditions of really poor health, was the late Mr. J. A. Symonds, the historian of the Renaissance. A clever and ambitious father intended him for the bar and politics. Almost directly after he had taken his degree, his health gave way; a few years later he became a chronic invalid. He was obliged to spend many months in travel, and finally to settle at a Swiss health-resort. He said of himself that his life was a long schooling in Goethe's maxim, "Thou must do without, must do without." Yet when we look at the long array of volumes which he gave to the world in little more than twenty years of life, we feel doubtful if he could have done more, or even so much, had he not been compelled by weakness to a solitary and recluse life. "Solitude is the mother of invention,"-this line, taken from the old Greek poet Menander, he prefixed as a motto to his volumes of "Essays, Speculative and Suggestive," and in the preface to the same essays he speaks of the detachment and discipline as well as the disadvantages and dangers which exile and ill-health bring to the spirit.

Discipline is of course another influence which weak or bad health may exercise on the character, and so on art and thought. Affliction may discipline and instruct the soul. Poets may "learn in suffering what they teach in song." The experience of weak health and the renunciations it entails may become the inspiration and the matter But this is going somewhat beyond the "bridle of Theages." All that the phrase implies is that ill-health may sometimes beneficially direct a soul which else would have been drowned in the cares of the world, to higher things, may divert it profitably from the practical to the theoretic, from the competitive to the contempla- the sickly body. The very best artists,

distinguish what part health has played in the determining of a life. operation is exceedingly subtle. The choice which it effects is often uncon-What is called temperament scious. or disposition, or bodily instinct, is intimately connected with health; but the variation in a certain direction can often hardly be said to amount to positive ill-health. A certain want of vigor, a want of a lusty appetite for the rough and tumble of affairs, or, as it may be more poetically expressed, of the desire to "drink delight of battle with our peers," an instinct to spare ourselves at the crisis, a craving of the artistic spirit for quiet in which to shape its talent, - these can hardly be called signs of ill-health; they are healthy instincts of a certain constitution seeking what really conduces to its health.

But not seldom, as we have indicated, the problem is clearer, and real considerations of health or sickness determine it. Virgil was of delicate and frail constitution. He essayed the bar, but shrank from it, and turned to "contemplation of diviner things." Nor was Horace, though less completely recluse and more of a bon vivant, Both of them, as a strong man. scholars will remember, sought the couch, while Mæcenas went off to the tennis-court. Pope's life, says Johnson, was a long disease. Johnson himself, though large and muscular, had queer health and a tormenting constitution. Schiller wrote most of his best work while struggling against a painful malady, and Heine's "mattress-grave" is proverbial. France furnishes an excellent example in Pascal. easy, doubtless, to pursue the argument too far, to make of it a ridiculous paradox. Disease is not, of course, as some have seemed to think, a symptom or a cause of genius, though it is natural that it should often accompany it. Rather, not a few of the foibles and the faults of genius are due to it. The beauté maladive of certain works of art is the reflection of the sickly soul in like those who have succeeded best in vent a courser whose spirit is greater other human efforts, are the essentially than his strength, from overstraining healthy. We cannot imagine Homer, one or many, to have been other than and sorriest of spectacles, a racehorse healthy, or, again, Shakespeare. We broken down and turned into a hack. know that Michael Angelo was healthy, and so were Milton and Handel, despite their blindness. Sophocles had the good temper which comes of a thoroughly good constitution; so had his modern analogue, Goethe. Scott was a giant in strength, if a lame one. The health and strength of Mr. Darwin's great contemporary, Lord Tennyson, constituted one of the factors in his large and splendid achievement.

It is really a question of balance. Health and strength are an enormous advantage in themselves, but bring with them greater temptations and ex-Thus, weak posures and liabilities. health may sometimes necessitate the spending of a good deal of time on exercise and rest, but, as a rule, it is rather strong health that makes a man a slave to his body in the sense of being obliged to keep it in employment. They have their consolation for whom some quiet form of exercise limited in time is sufficient, and who are not obliged to work off superfluous energy and the results of a too healthy appetite in hard or prolonged exertion. Really bad health, of course, is often The weak who have succeeded, have succeeded not by dint of their weakness, but, at best, by its enabling them to manage their strength. Health is like money. He who has none is helpless, but he who has a little may, by economy and concentration, do more than many who have much. Let no man, then, who has any health at all, despair. Let him consider how much has been done by men weaker even than himself. Above all, the moral of Socrates's allusion is that he who suffers from chronic weak health will find his best antidote in accepting it, in seeing what burdens it removes as well as what burdens it imposes, in the practice of a genuine and noble economy of his gifts and his strength. The "bridle of Theages" may restrain a Pegasus at simes, but it may also pre- two that I valued above all others -

his powers and becoming that saddest

From Public Opinion. REMINISCENCES OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHEN Oliver Wendell Holmes was in England in 1886 he found himself on one occasion at a "crush" in London amongst a great mass of people, including several royal personages. He sat quietly in a corner, but presently, feeling a little faint, and observing refreshments in the distance, he turned to an elderly personage standing near, whom he supposed to be a butler or something of that kind, and asked for a harmless beverage. The supposed servant brought this with great alacrity, and remarked, "I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Holmes." The Autocrat ofthe Breakfast Table was a little taken aback, and the stranger added, "I am Prince Christian." "Dear me," said Holmes, alive at once to the joke, "I have not had much acquaintance with princes, and, do you know, I took you for the waiter!" At this Prince Christian went off into a burst of mer-"Where is my wife?" he riment. said. "I must tell her this. She admires you immensely." Off went Prince Christian to fetch the princess, and the genial American philosopher was soon the centre of a circle of royalty, greatly delighted by the incident. - London correspondent, Western Mercury.

A correspondent of the Christian World details an interview he had with the "Autocrat" in 1888. "I asked him if the 'Little Gentleman' of the 'Breakfast Table' was drawn from life, or was an ideal creation of his own, and he said the latter, and he always meant him to be a personification of the true old Boston spiritproud, impetuous, and a bit shy of strangers. I then referred to his poems, and thanked him specially for

famous 'Chambered Nautilus.' much pleased and almost touched by my reference to the former, expose themselves more by what they admire in my writings than in any other way: some idiots express the greatest admiration for the stupidest things I ever wrote, and of which I am ashamed; now, I don't mind telling you that I consider those two poems are the best things I ever wrote or shall write; and now I will do what I don't generally do to strangers.' He then went to a cabinet and produced the actual nautilus shell which had originally inspired his exquisite poem, and pointed out to us, as it was in section, its beautiful convolutions, and 'crescendo' of cells. He then gave us each his photo, with his autograph on it, and a copy of his adopted crest, the nautilus shell itself, with the eloquent motto, Per ampliora ad altiora; and I value these as a unique record of a delightful visit."

When on his visit to Edinburgh, Dr. Holmes informed an admirer that amongst his tales "The Guardian be suggestive.

viz., 'Sun and Shadow,' and his more | Angel " was his own chief favorite, He though the public, if he might judge by the sale, preferred that of "Elsie Venner." Dr. Holmes compared Brownand said: 'Do you know, I find people ing to "Ben Jonson come back," but said he did not always "take enough pains to make his meaning clear." Of his personality and of his pleasure in meeting him he spoke with warm appreciation, but he added that "there was a little tinge of resulting disillusion if not disappointment; there was something of the bourgeois in his talk - nothing aristocratic; a grand specimen of a middle-class Englishman, whose inspiration was loftier than his bearing." A correspondent of the Manchester City News heard Dr. Holmes talk of "the Baconian theory of Shakespeare : " " Of course the very suggestion is enough to make most lovers of Shakespeare mad. Still I don't think this Baconian theory is so altogether absurd as many other things - homoeopathy for example and the study of it cannot fail to be profitable, for it is the study of the productions of two gigantic intellects. and a comparison which cannot fail to

AN AMERICAN POLITICAL BOSS: FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW. - If it is true that all roads lead to Rome, it is equally true that there are more roads to wealth in the United States than can well be counted. Most of these are not very clean, and there is especially one that is as dirty as it is crowded by a class of men who have neither social rank nor means. These people are called politicians in America: they are the future non-commissioned officers of the election army, who hope to become chiefs themselves. They are already very numerous as a class, and their ranks increase from day to day. They have become a powerful factor whose pernicious influence is evident in broad daylight. How is it possible that a man whose name is almost unknown to the world in general, whose mode of gaining a livelihood is as dark and doubtful as his former life, who has neither an official nor a social position, and has not even been elected to the legislature, yet rules one of

the most thickly populated and richest of the States as a veritable despot? How is it possible for such a man to obtain such weighty influence that he holds the balance of power between the two parties? Such questions must naturally arise when one thinks of Mr. Richard Croker. One does not like to pronounce his name, and does so only with a feeling of fear and discomfort. Many know nothing about him except that he holds no recognized position. and that he is the "Boss" of Tammany Hall, and as such the successor of Mr. John Kelly. If this explanation does not satisfy questioners, a wise silence is preserved, or the people express themselves in so mystical and cautious a manner that one feels the chief of Tammany Hall is a mighty personage, a man to be feared, a man whose detectives are everywhere. And, indeed, this is true. No absolute monarch has ever exercised a more despotic power than the Boss in his good city of New York. M. C. DE VARIGNY. Revue des Deux Mondes.

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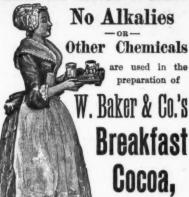
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